MAYFAIR

Vol. 19 No. 6
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
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AMAZING PICTURES

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Curvy Christine, page 51.

Delightful Delage, page 62.

CONTENTS

			page
SPECIAL FEATURES			
The Plot To Kill Hitler:	The coup that failed	*Gerald Rawling*	40
Carnal Carnival:	Rio's annual riot of sexuality	*Tony Freitas*	71
GIRLS			
Helen:	A more lingering look at our lingerie lass	*Donald Milne*	12
Julia:	Belle from Sussex, by the sea	*Michael Moore*	32
Deirdre:	She's just the ticket from British Rail	*Gerth Sernelin*	44
Christine:	A novel look at a would-be authoress	*John Allum*	51
Evva:	Our Pole to sway public opinion	*Ed Alexander*	80
Mary:	Change of gear for the driving instructor	*Peter Flodquist*	105
HUMOUR			
Making A Meal Of It:	Eating out cartooned	*Anthony*	23
Perchance To Dream:	But beware of oysters, and cucumbers!	*Mike Gerrard*	77
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice of jokes		96
Extremely Coarse Fishing:	Angling for laughs	*Brian Forbes*	99
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Delage as life	*William Boddy*	62
Quest:	Selfish sex		87
FICTION			
Model Session:	An amateur, perhaps, she performed like a pro	*Michael Bland*	20
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Jigsaws** page 22/ **Best of Mayfair** page 22/ **Lingerie** pages 103 and 111		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 10/ **Book Society** page 26/ **Back Numbers** page 30/ **Film Club** page 92/ **Binders** page 93/ **Subscription Details** page 102		
CRITICS	**Films, Discs, Eating Out**		27

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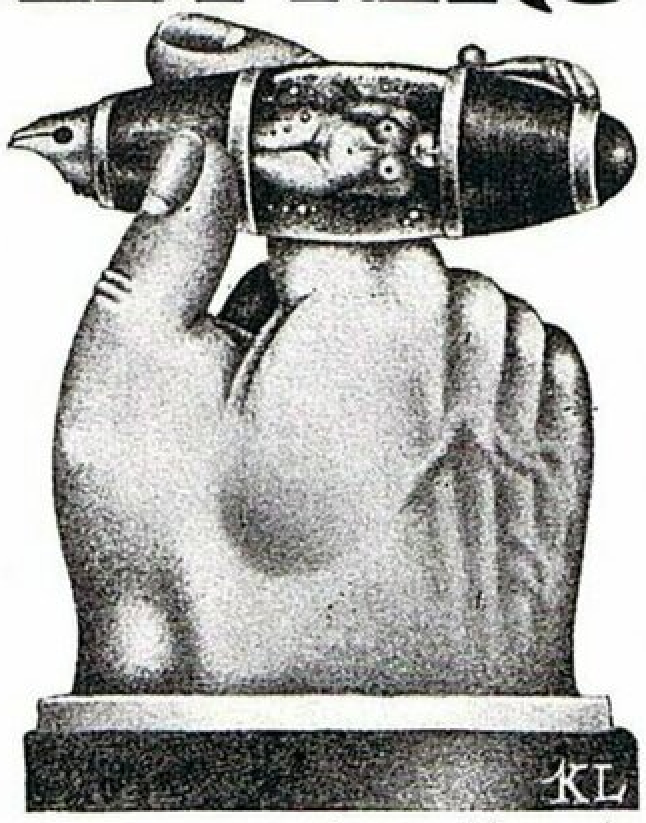
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

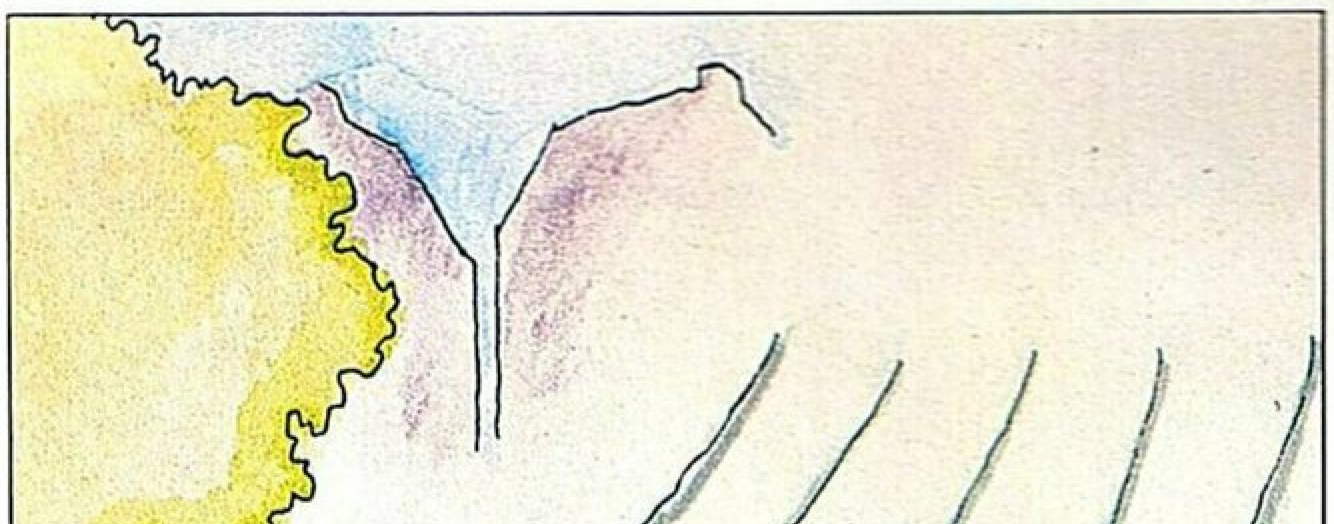
I must congratulate you on Vol 19 No 4. The photographs of Carol Needham were out of this world, with her long, sexy legs, firm breasts and lovely, rounded bottom – not to mention her hitherto hidden bits. Thanks a lot. Congratulations on all the *Girls You've Asked to See* series.

BS, Watford

Yours is a truly first rate men's magazine, and may I say how much I enjoyed the issue containing pictures of *Starbird*, Carol Needham. She was gorgeous, as was model, Joanna.

JOD, Bedforshire

Super Starbird *Carol Needham as she appeared in Vol 19 No 4.*



May I heartily concur with Mike Arblaster's views on trying to teach his lady wife to drive. His article *To L and Back– the motoring war a man cannot win* said so much, so accurately. I attempted to teach my wife the art of driving some years ago with the result that we were on the verge of divorce nearly as often as we were on the verge of the road. Gentlemen, take Mr Arblaster's advice, don't.

It's not that my wife is an idiot, far from it. She can manage all those feminine tasks that have men stumped. Things like tying apron strings behind her back, and carrying boiling hot plates from the oven without wincing. But in a car, she was a dunce. It took a week to master the sequence of starting the car, and when we did that was only the start of our problems. To put it simply she had a total inability to steer. In fact aiming was a better word for it. The lanes of the road weren't nearly big enough for her. She'd weave in between them, and try and propel the car to roughly one side of the road or the other. I was frequently white with fear.

The clutch also gave her a few worries. She was a firm believer in the idea that the quicker you let it off, the quicker the car would start, and we could all go home. The result was that even our ancient Ford Anglia was doing wheelies away from traffic lights.

However once we had got going without stalling, the result was amazing. She revved up to speeds the like of which James Hunt would be proud. It was as if her foot was magnetically attracted to the floor. Paralysed by panic I would lie back, the g-forces pulling my cheeks from my face, until traffic lights were spotted. Then I experienced a brief few seconds of weightlessness whilst she drew to a halt within ten yards. If it wasn't for 'clunk-click', I would have been an unexpected passenger in the car ahead on many an occasion. Throughout all this, my wife smiled at me happily, asking how she was doing. As a child she had been taught to look at the person she was talking to, and didn't see driving as any reason to stop. The result was more 70mph weaving. On one occasion a tube of mints I had on the dashboard rolled off with the acute acceleration, and I reached down to pick up my only comfort. 'It's okay,' she said, 'I'll get them.' The scream from me shattered double glazed patio doors the world over.

I'm sure that qualified instructors have none of these problems. But they must have the patience of saints. Either that or the drug companies are making a fortune.

Like Mr Arblaster's, my wife now drives, thanks to a school. I however stay indoors, and the mere sound of a car sends me hiding in the wardrobe.

'Hysterical', Merseyside

Many, many thanks for your *Girls You've Asked to See* series. I have always lusted after the *Page Three* and *Starbirds.* I have loved the shots of Corinne, Linda, Sian and so on, but when can we see the delights of Samantha Fox? She is the top *Page Three* girl by far, and has appeared no less than 32 times this year. When is she going to appear in *Mayfair?*

J Rivers, Hampton

The answer is next month. Samantha, the 18-year-old stunner from North London, does not do nude work, but she will be appearing dressed in our lovely lingerie, as the model for our advertisement. We think you'll agree that she looks sensational, so look out for Vol 19 No 7.

I am a regular reader of your magazine, and have been for the last five years. I particularly like it for its mix of humour and titillation, and love the cartoons. More over, I must say that you really hit the nail on the head with your golf cartoons, *Playing A Round* in Vol 19 No 4.

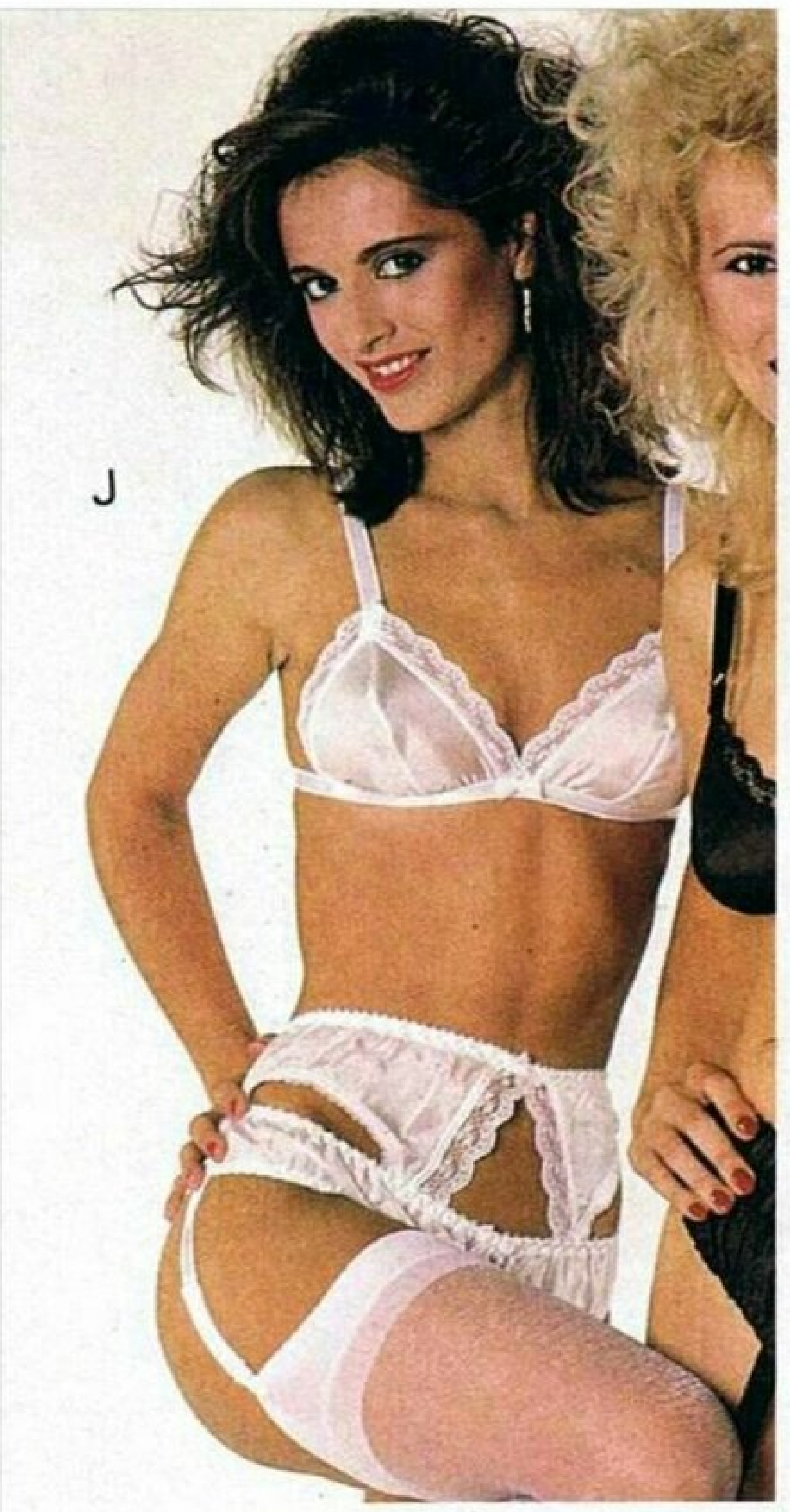
I have played golf for more years than I care to remember. In fact I can't remember a time when I didn't. My wife can't either, though that seems to be a cause of disappointment to her. However, as she will testify, we have had a lot of fun on the course – not much of which have anything to do playing golf. You see in towns, the golf course is often the only piece of grassland, so a man who knows his golf course, also knows the best places for a quiet canoodle. At my local it was a small wood at the back of the 16th, and it was there that I took my girlfriend, now my wife, for our courting. You had to slice pretty badly to disturb anyone there, so it was a favourite haunt of mine. Only once when I was just getting to the interesting

turn to page 102

HELEN

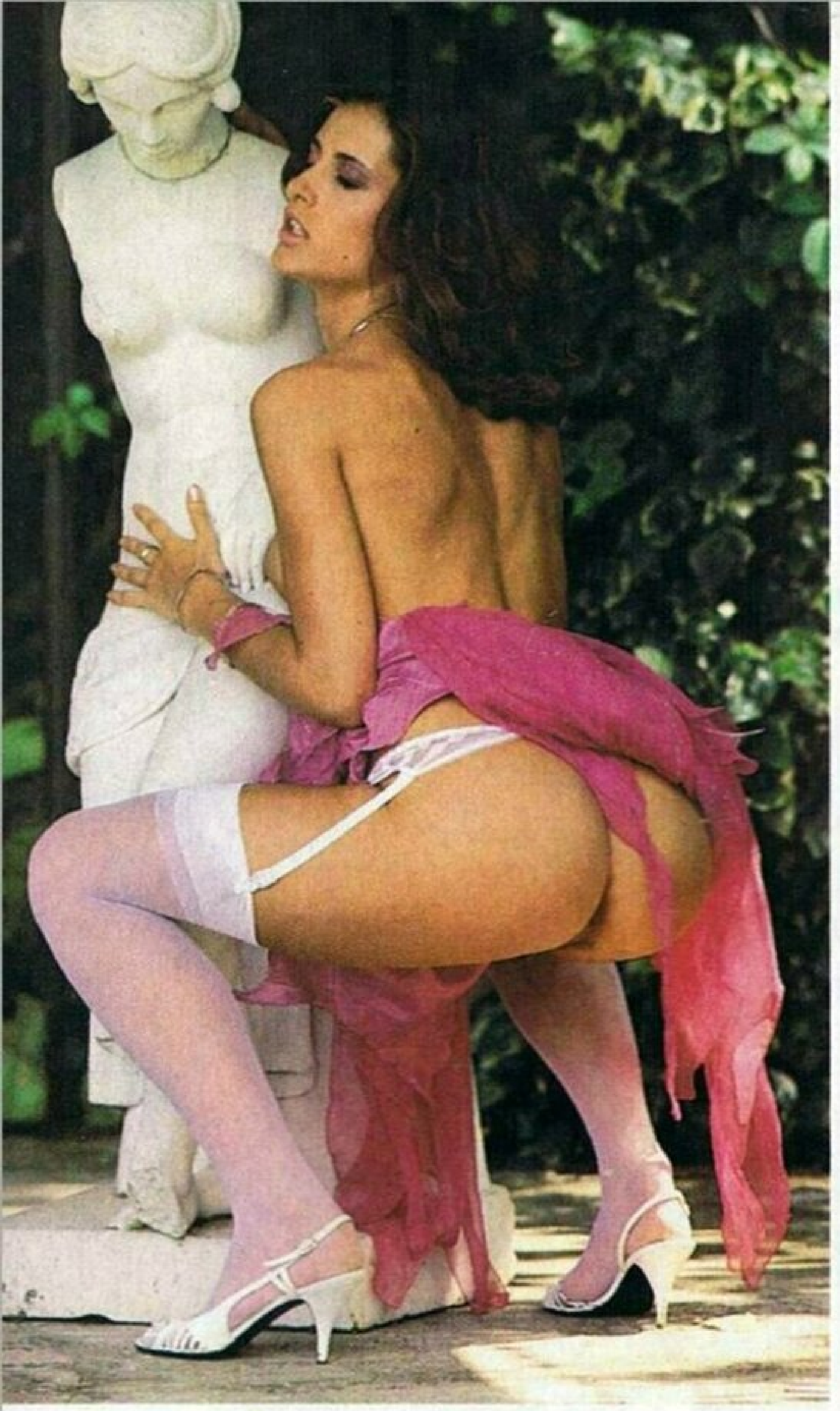
The girls you've asked to see

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE



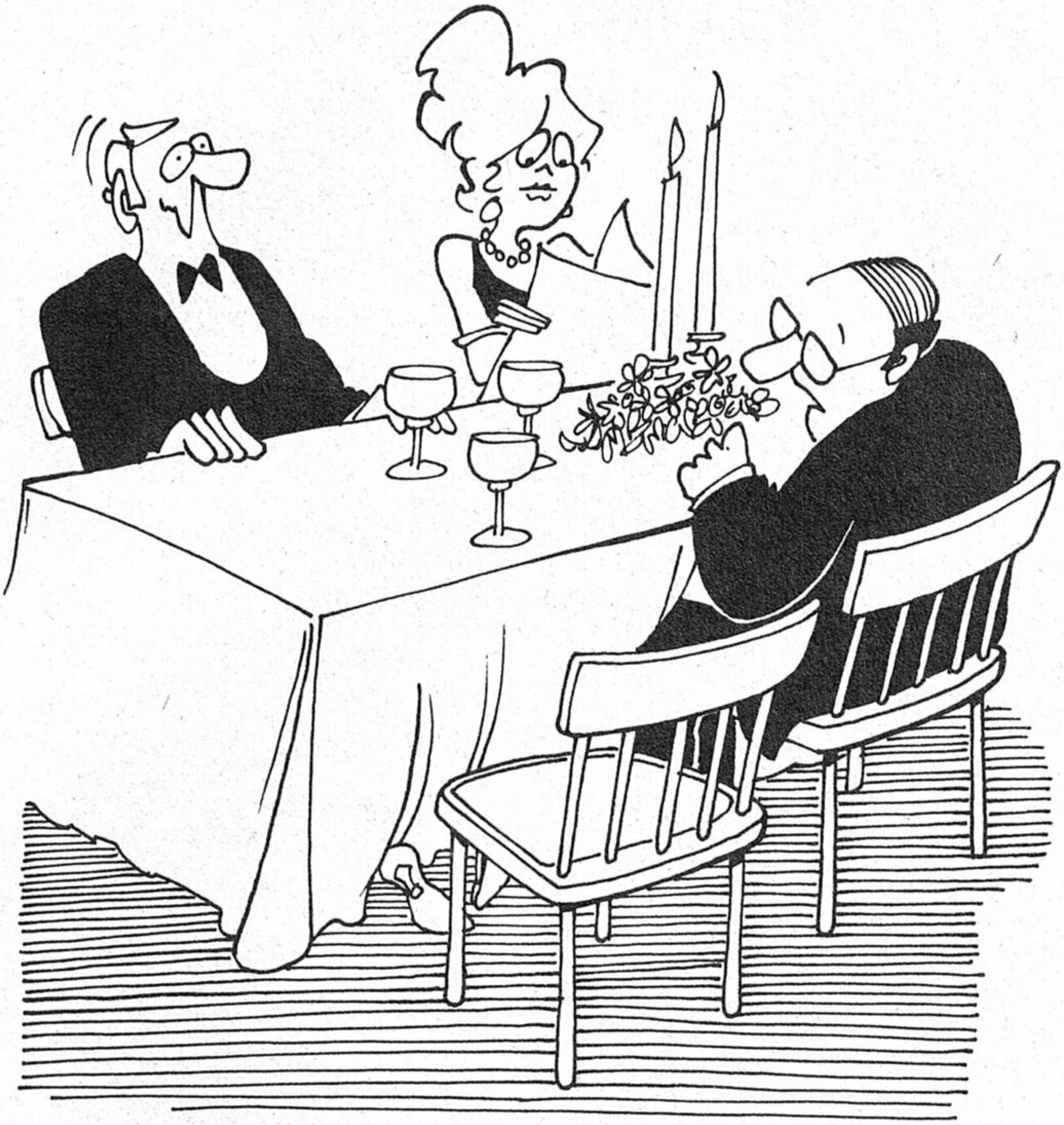
Helen, as she appears in our lingerie ad

Hundreds of readers have written in since we started our *Girls You've Asked to See* section. And the ladies they've nominated have included TV stars and the pick of the *Page Three* poppets. But one girl who has inspired you to write in by the score comes from our own pages. It's Helen Masters, the beautiful brunette from our silk lingerie advertisement (see left), whose smooth round posterior and slim waist has been admired by many people including C W of Huntingdon in Vol 19 No 5. Now we are revealing all of young 18-year-old Helen's 34-21-32 figure, shot with the same expertise as the lovely lingerie.



Originally from Bournemouth, Helen now lives in Hemel Hempstead, though these days she doesn't get much time at home. Although she's only been modelling for a year, she has already travelled the world being photographed for calendars and glamour sets. It's not surprising then that she lists one of her principal hobbies as sleeping. 'I've just been so busy lately,' she told us, 'I'd welcome the chance to stay in bed.' But Helen doesn't often indulge her taste for being lazy, quite the reverse in fact. Normally in her few hours off, she can be spotted at either *Stringfellows* or the *Hippodrome* nightclub in London's West End. Failing that she likes a quiet Chinese meal at *Pangs* in St Johns Wood, though they may not recognise her now as she recently had her hair cut short at *Biba*.

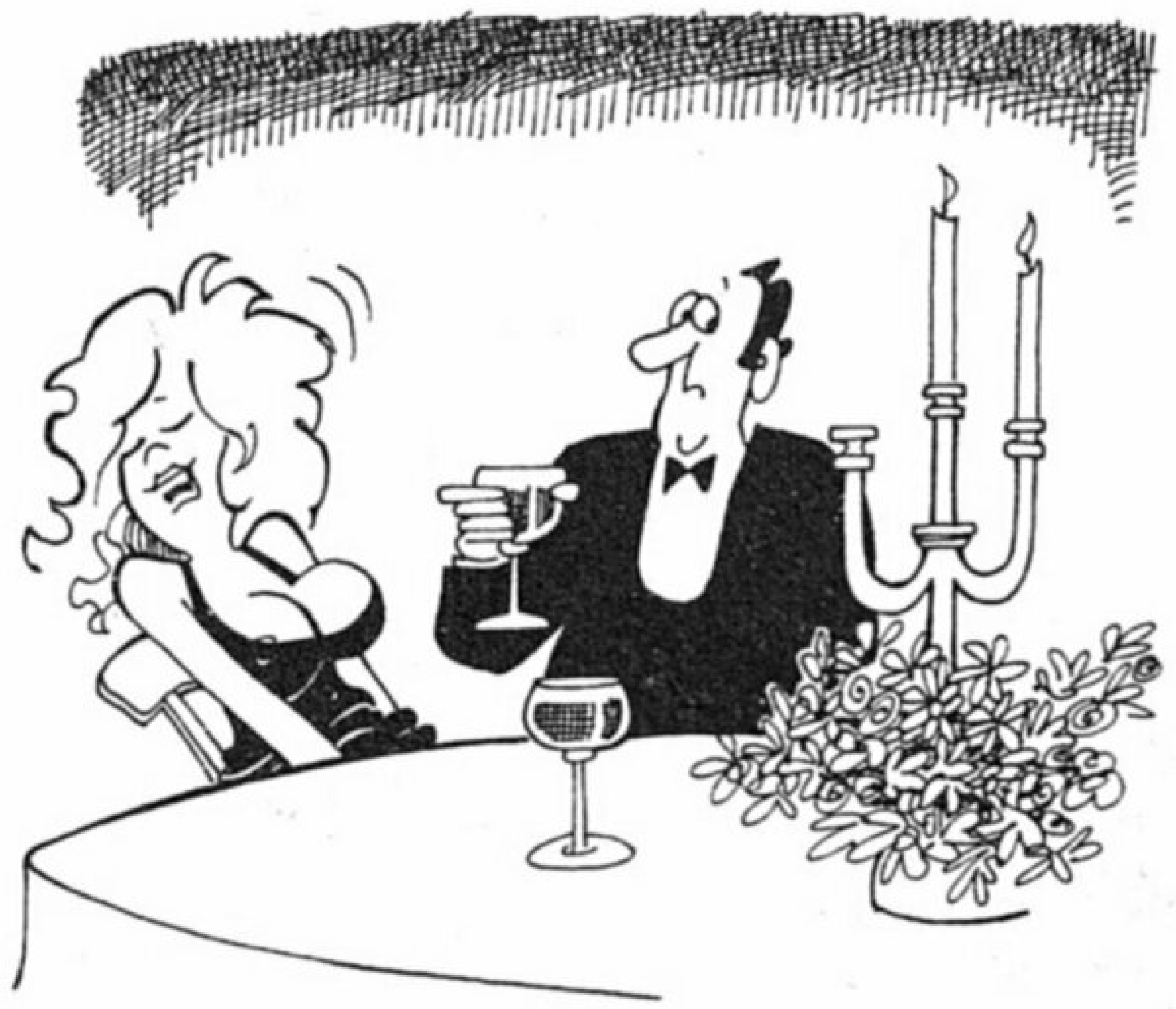
Although Helen looks sensational in our lingerie, she tells us that her taste in clothes is far more down to earth. Baggy jeans and teeshirts are what she prefers. Even more surprising is the fact that after leaving school with nine 'O' levels, she started an HND course in technology, and became a dab hand at welding. The petite model could have spent the rest of her life in overalls rather than our alluring lingerie. Her ambition is to take up straight acting, though she admits that her stage debut at the age of 12 in the school version of *Mary Poppins* was a disaster. She lost her voice.

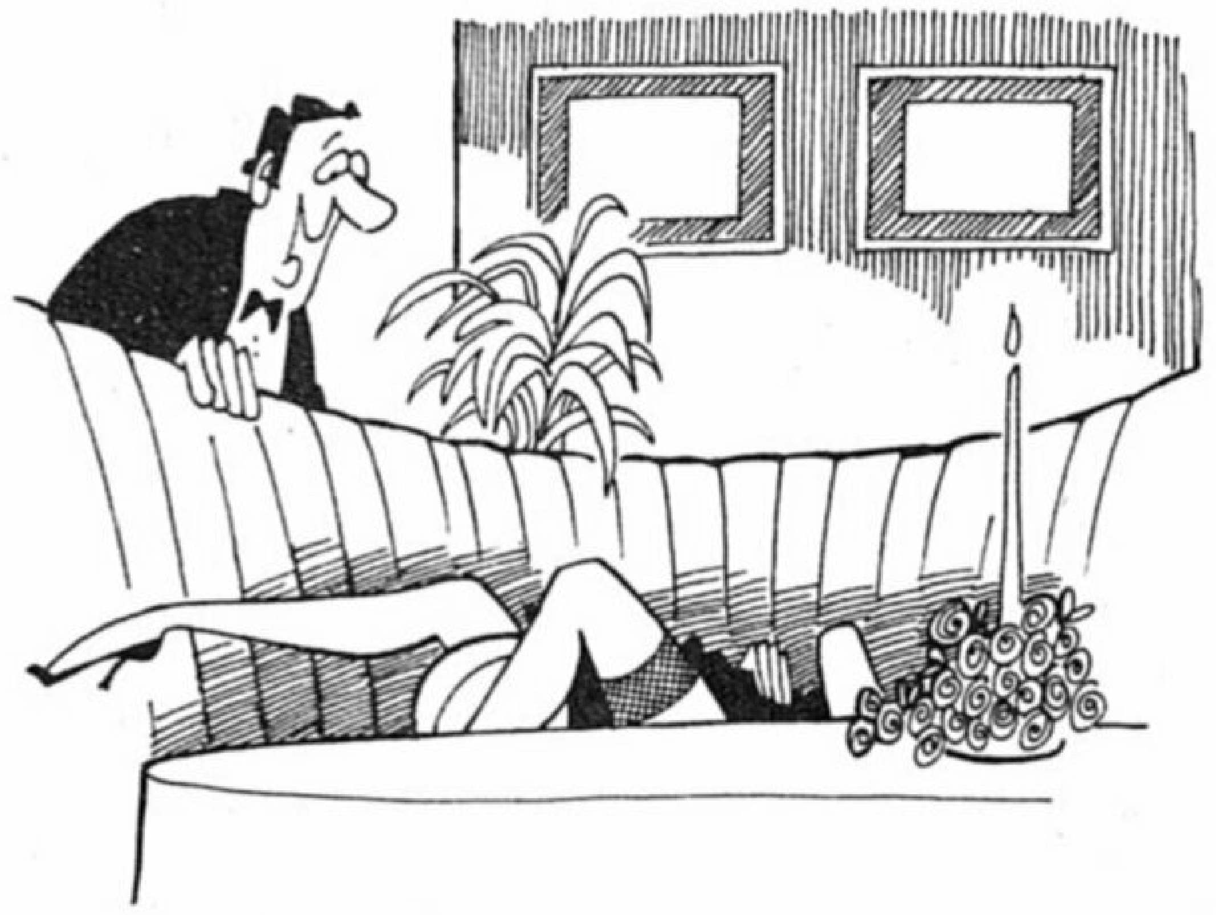


'Haven't you found your napkin yet, darling?'

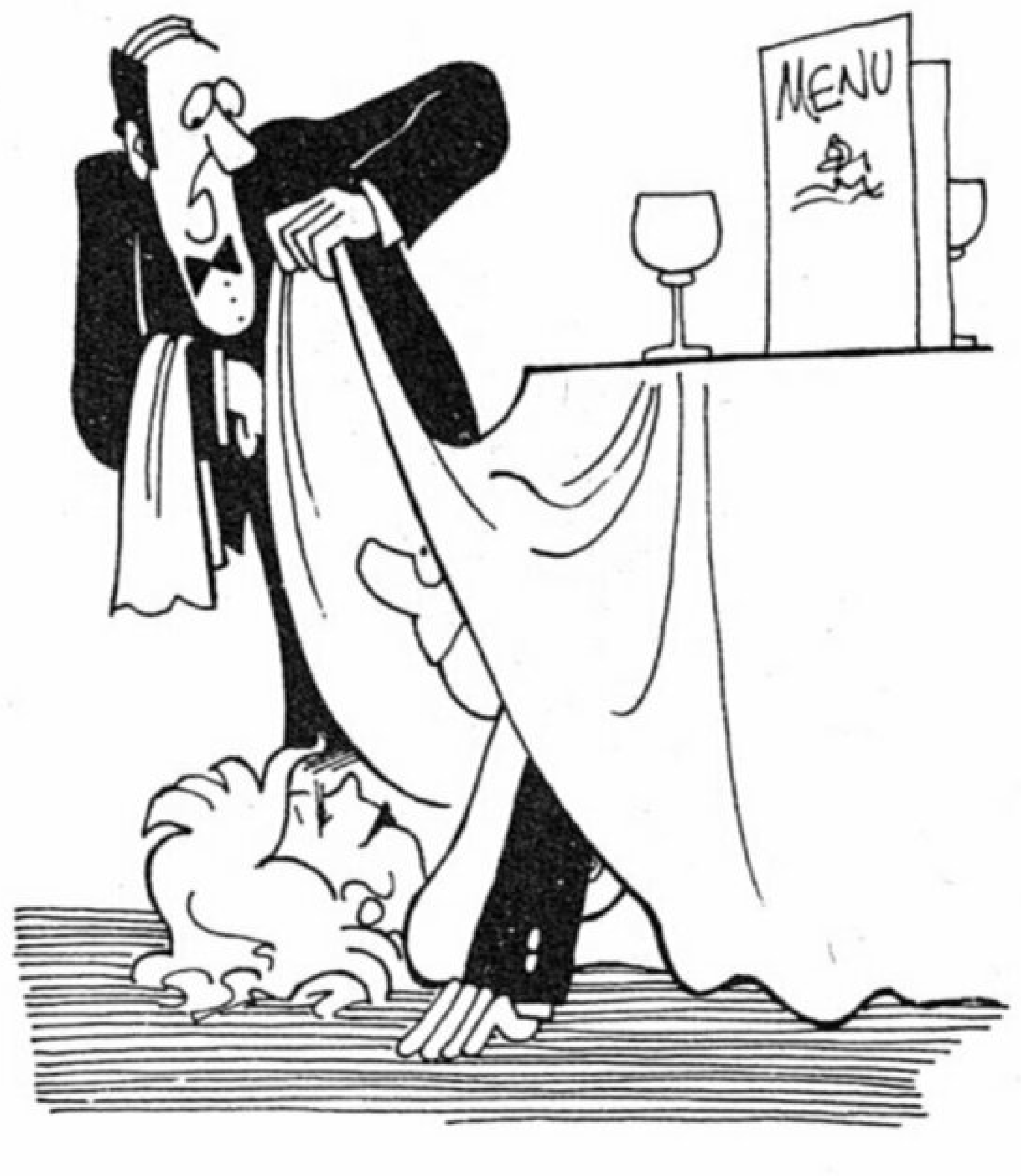
MAKING A MEAL OF IT

All that is needed to satisfy
a man's appetite, says cartoonist Anthony, is an
intimate restaurant and a pretty girl

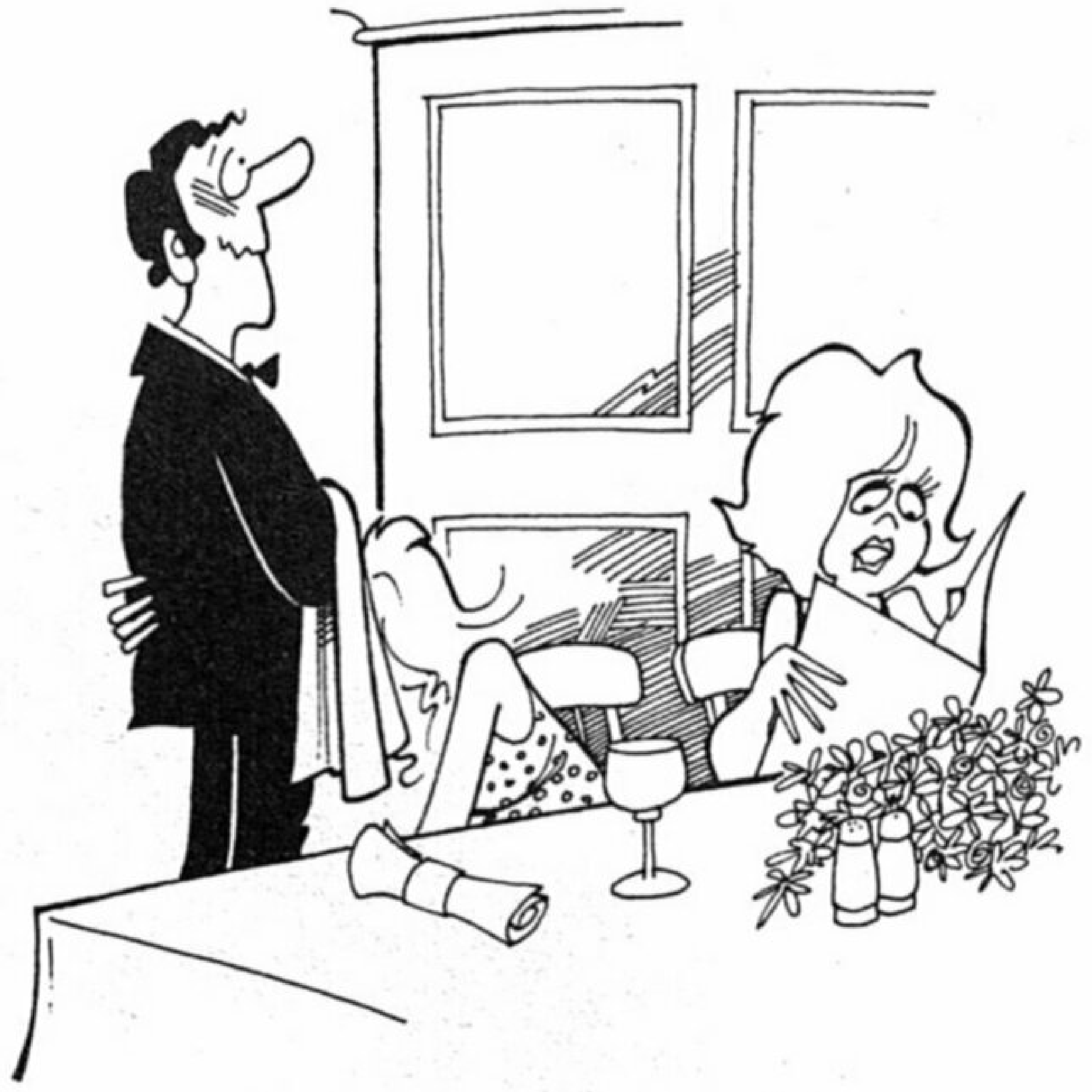




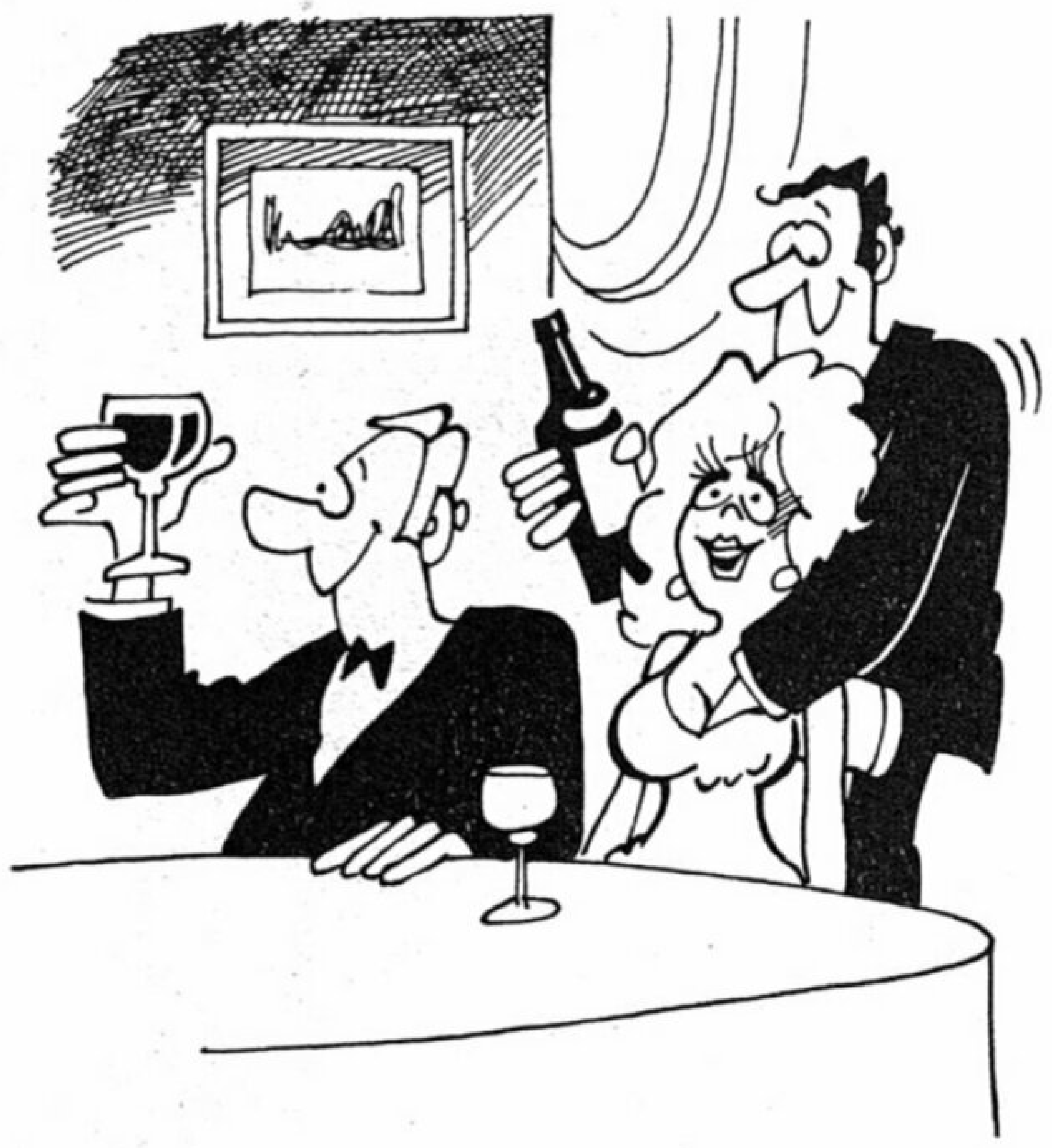
'Is sir ready to order now?'



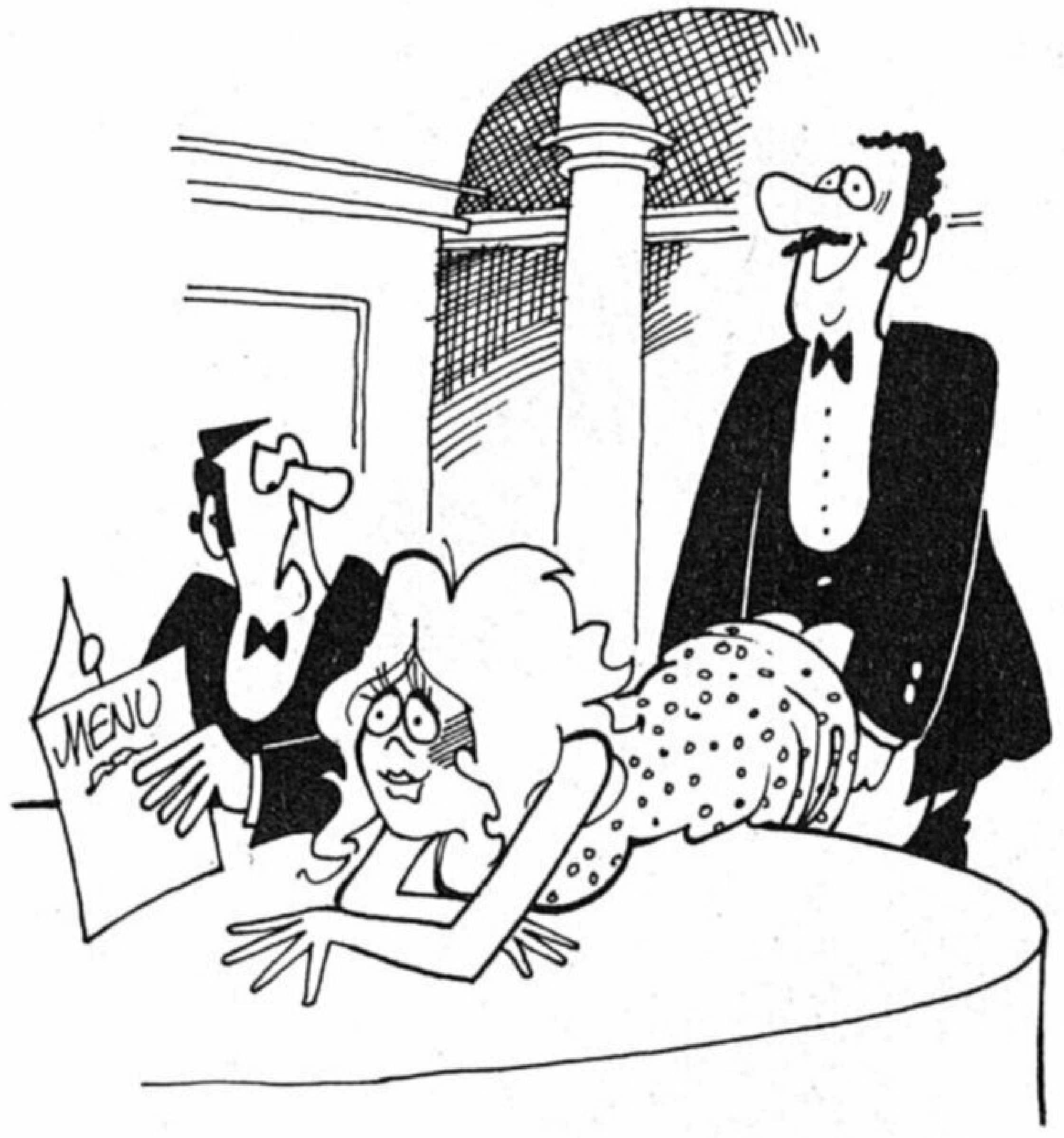
'More oysters, sir?'



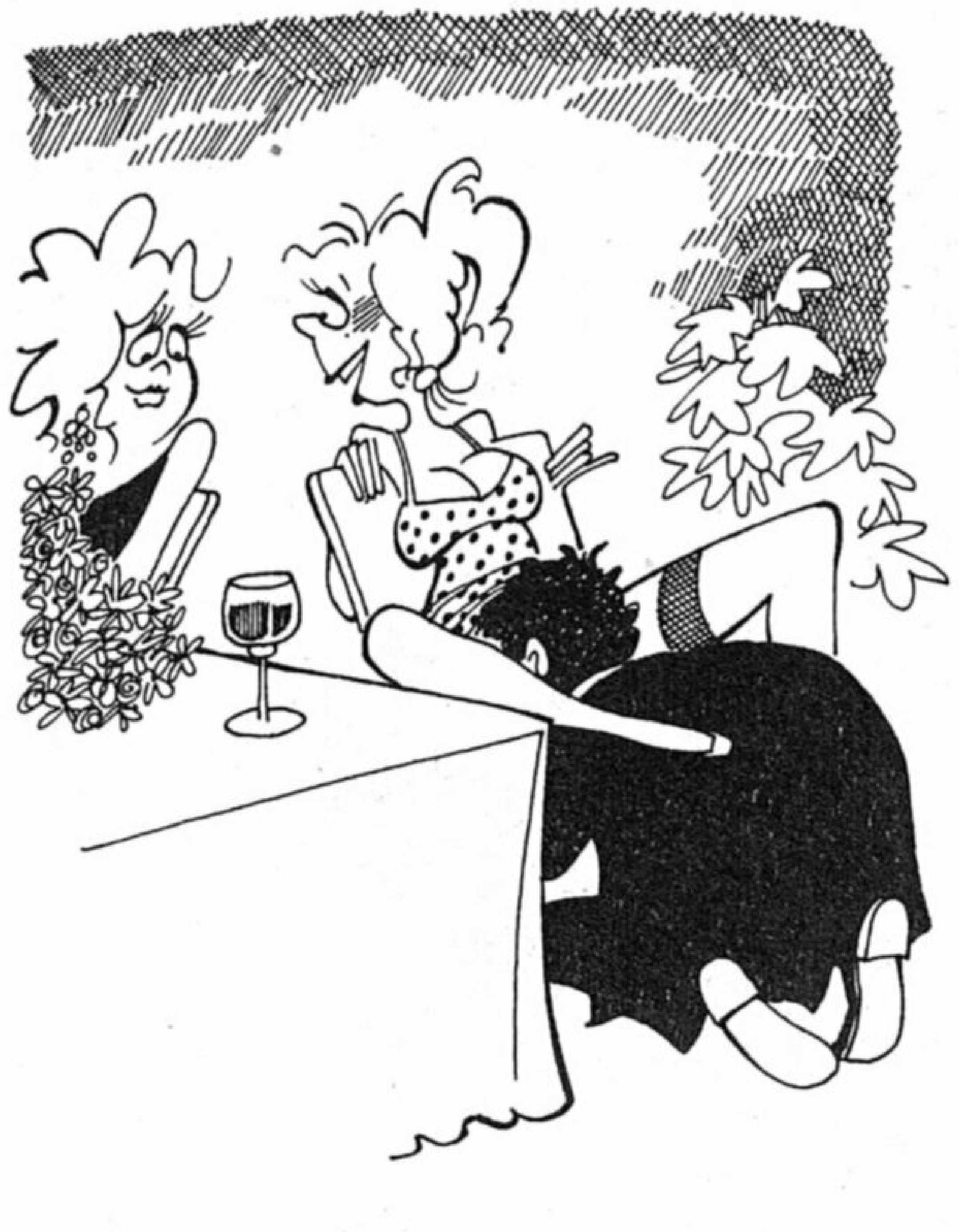
'I can't see that *on the menu, Jane.'*



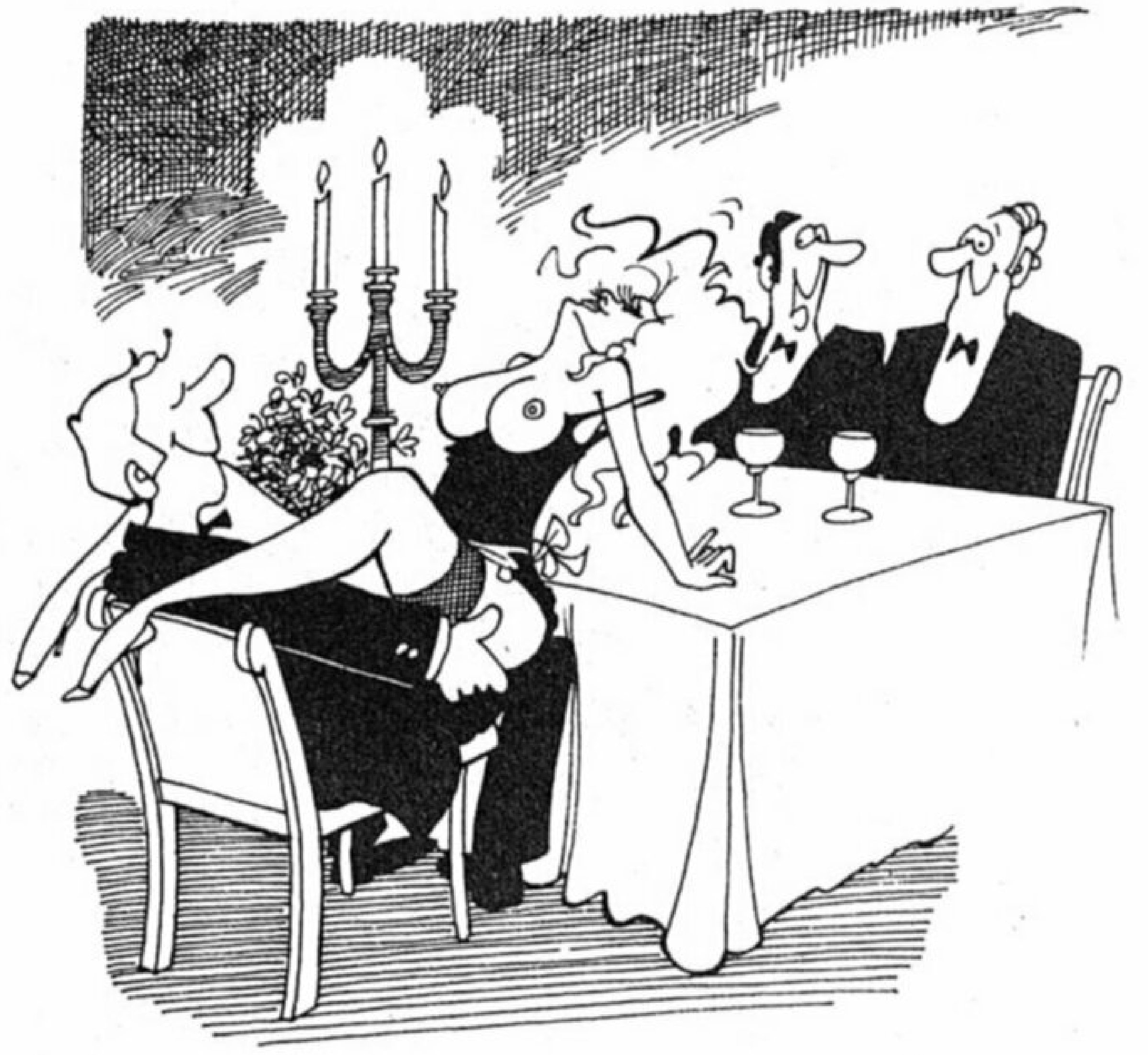
'The waiter's quite amusing, too.'



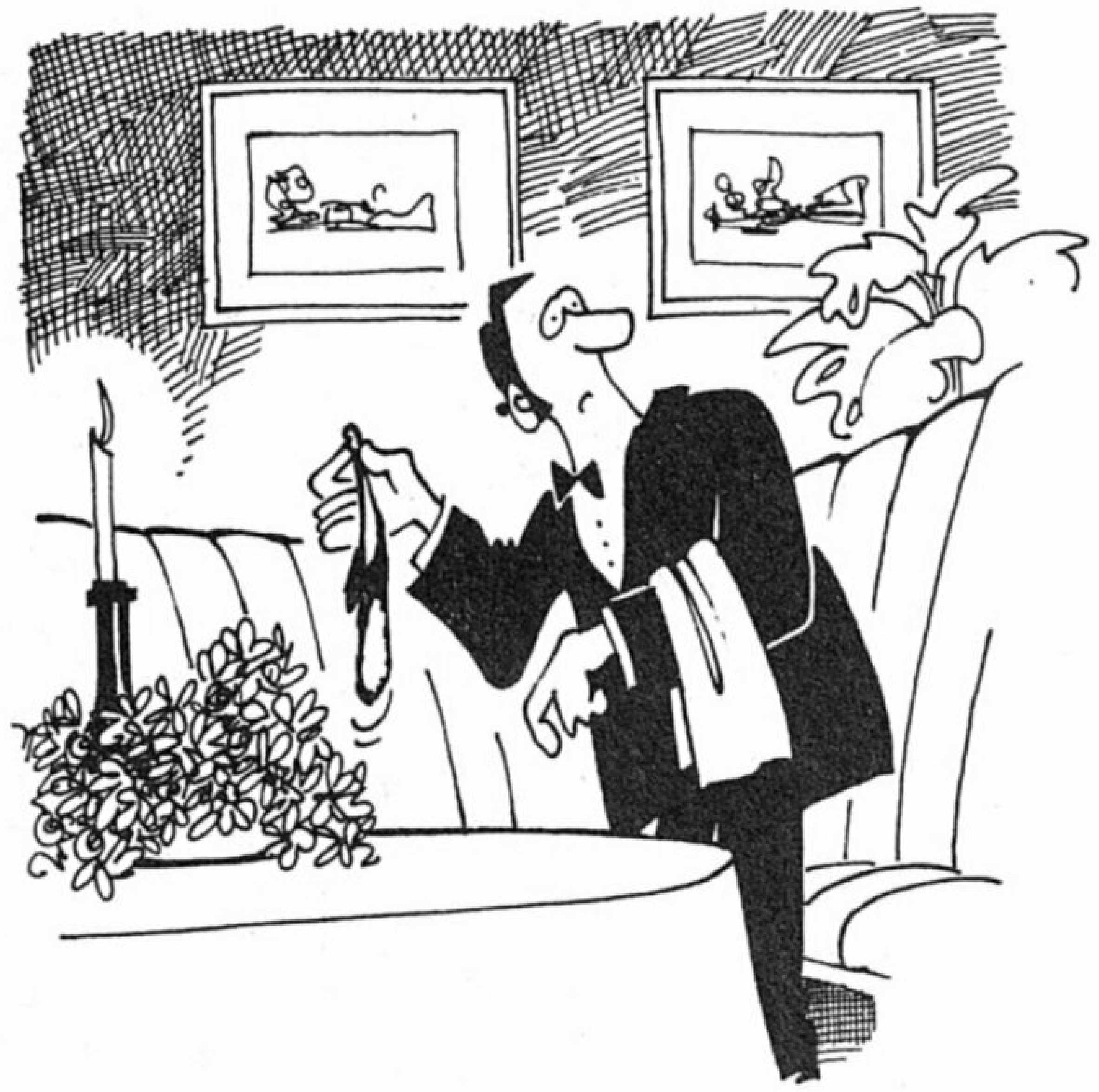
'How many times have I told you to leave the ordering to me?'



'He's obviously after a big tip.'



'The cuisine might not be up to much
but you can't fault the service.'

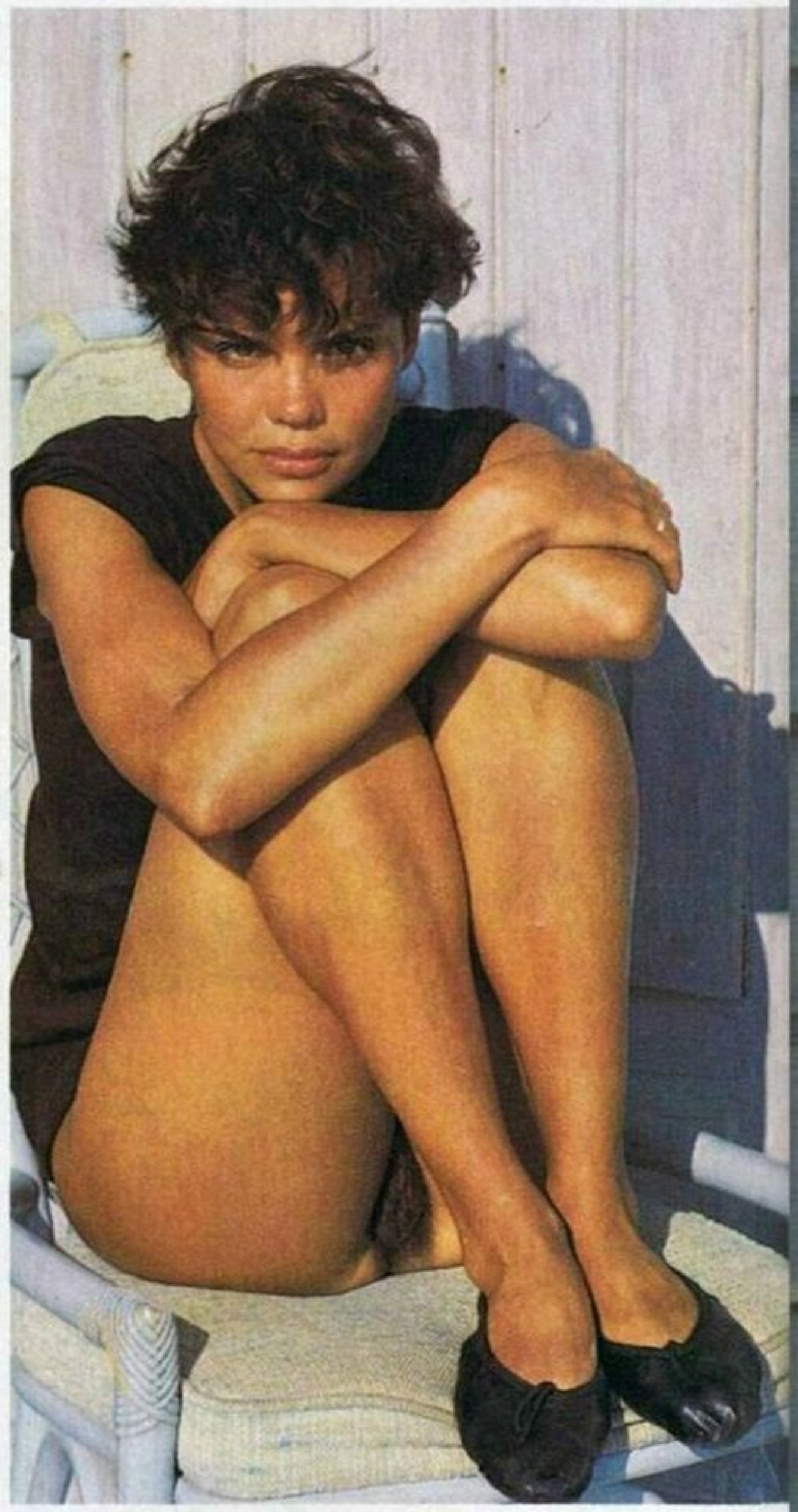


Julia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

Few of our models could have been happier than when 20-year-old Julia Cooper heard that she was to spend two weeks modelling on the Mediterranean coast. For Julia is a devout sea and sun worshipper, who loves nothing better than stretching her delightful 34-22-34 figure on the beach. Julia sunbathes whenever she can at home in the seaside town of Eastbourne in Sussex, but she had to admit that the sea and sand of the Côte d'Azur where these shots were taken were a great deal warmer. 'You couldn't keep me out of the sea,' she said. 'I was hardly dry during our stay.'

As well as keeping up her tan, Julia's love of the sea also helps her stay fit. She's a keen swimmer, and thinks nothing of diving in, and doing a length of her nearby beach before breakfast. 'It's much more fun, and much better for you than jogging,' she claimed. Her love of the water started when she learned to dog-paddle as a toddler. By 15, she swam for her school, and held a gold medal in lifesaving. 'I shall never forget those classes,' she laughed. 'Jumping in wearing an old pair of Dad's pyjamas, and rescuing a brick from the bottom of the pool. I really must have looked quite ridiculous.'



When Julia isn't lucky enough to be enjoying herself on sunny French beaches, she has to work a lot harder in her capacity as the receptionist for an insurance firm. 'There's more to working in reception than sitting looking pretty,' she said. 'My speciality is making excuses for the lateness of certain members of staff. My favourite was, "Sorry he's had to wait in for a lorry-load of manure to be delivered." That was a lot of bull – literally.' Julia's other big task is fending off over-amorous visitors. 'Some guys interpret a welcoming smile as a come-on,' she claimed, 'and hands start reaching across my chair. They also seem fascinated by my legs. They're invisible behind my desk, and men are always trying to sneak a peek at them; you know, dropping papers and the like. Now they'll be wondering where I got the tan. I think I'll keep a few copies of *Mayfair*, just for favoured customers.'

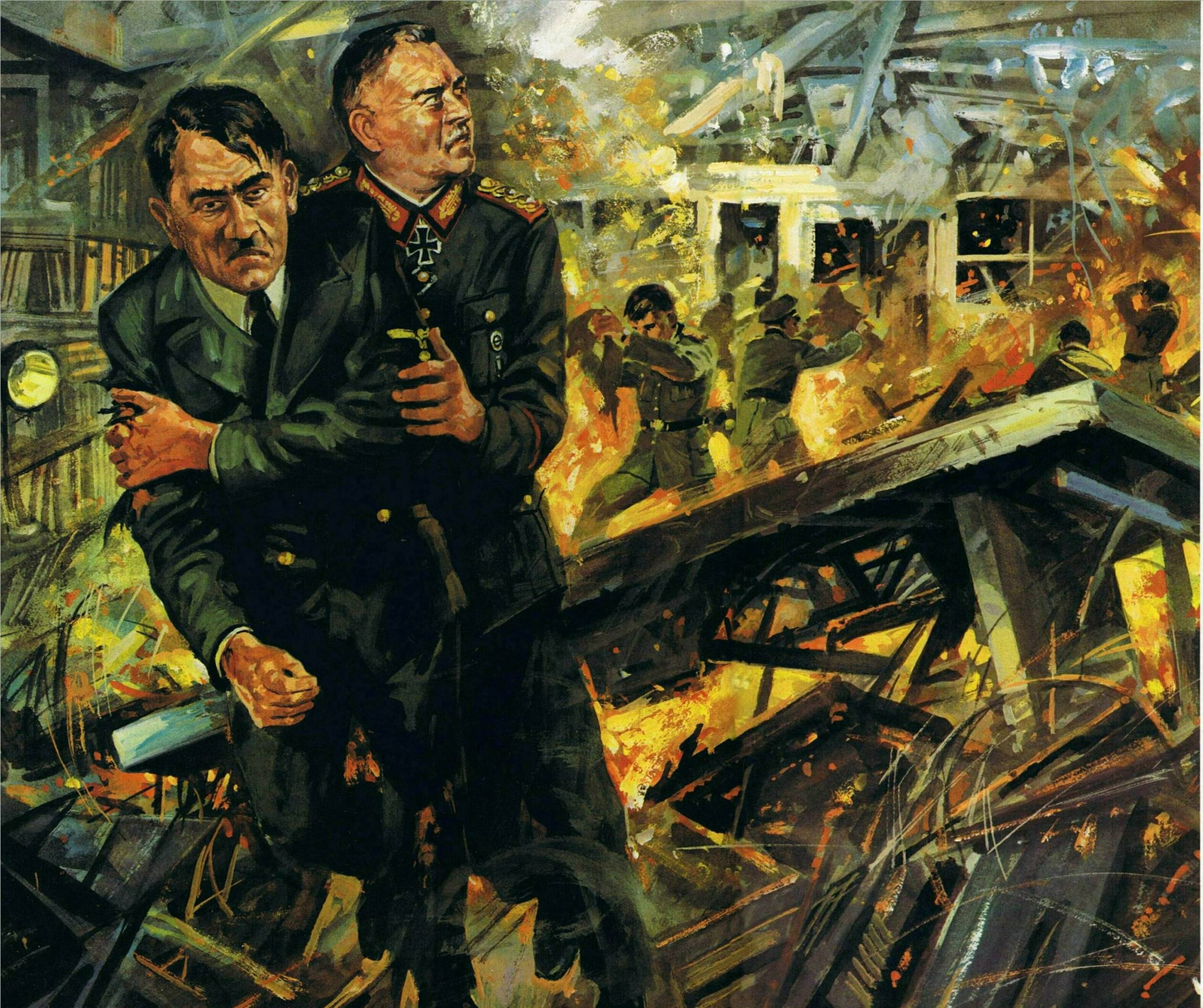


ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS POST

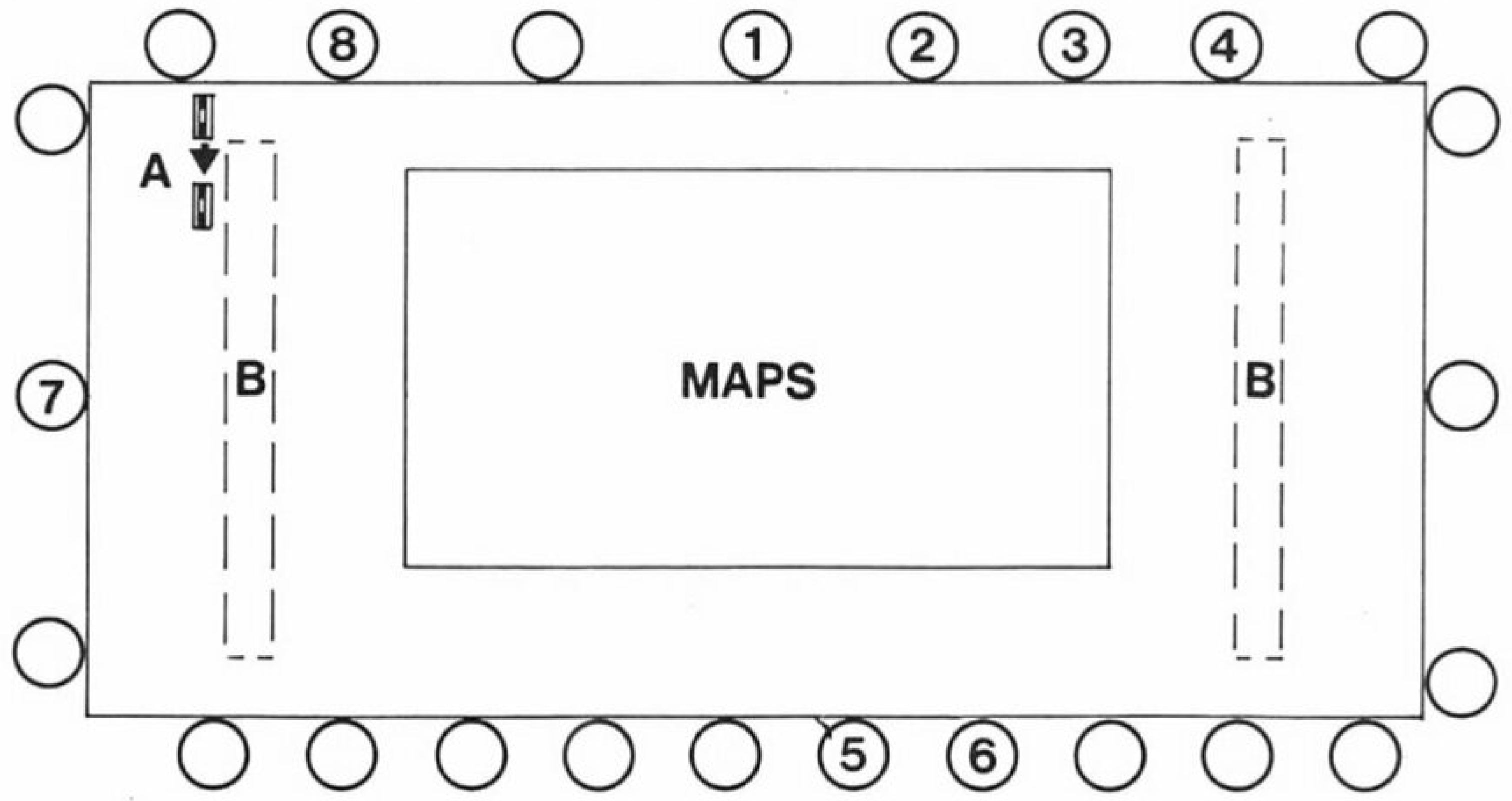
In a bid to rid their country of the Nazis, German army officers planned to blow up the Fuehrer. The bomb exploded, but Hitler survived

THE PLOT TO KILL HITLER

By Gerald Rawling

He was a full Colonel in the Wehrmacht, and his war wounds gave him an heroic image. His left eye-socket was covered by a black patch, his right hand was missing, and of his left only the thumb and two fingers remained to enable him to carry his briefcase. His name was Count Claus von Stauffenberg and, as Chief of Staff to General Fromm, Commander-in-Chief of the Reserve Army in Berlin, he was attending a top level conference to be addressed by the Fuehrer at his headquarters in Rastenburg, East Prussia. It was 12.30 pm on July 20, 1944, and the meeting was about to start when Stauffenberg muttered an apology to Field-Marshal Keitel, the Fuehrer's Chief of Staff, saying that he had left his cap and belt in the ante-room, and that he must fetch them. Keitel looked annoyed, knowing that Hitler did not like to be kept waiting, but strode on into the map room while Stauffenberg slipped into the adjoining room, opened his briefcase, and snipped the wire activating the fuse of the bomb which it contained. He now had ten minutes to plant the device, and get clear of the scene.

It took him three minutes to get to the conference room, and he walked straight up to Hitler, and placed his briefcase under the map table a few inches from his leader's feet. One authority says that Hitler greeted him with a handshake. Then, murmuring yet another apology to Keitel about an important telephone call to Berlin, he left the room and walked rapidly to his staff car which was waiting, engine running, with his trusted subordinate, Lieutenant Werner von Haeften, and a driver. As he arrived at the car there was a colossal explosion from the conference room, followed by a rising pall of smoke. It



Above: A diagram of the map room at 12.42pm on July 20, 1944. 1: Hitler; 2: Field-Marshal Keitel; 3: Colonel-General Jodl; 4: General Warlimont; 5: Read Admiral Voss; 6: SS-Gruppenfuehrer Fegelein; 7: General Schmundt; 8: Colonel-General Korten. The briefcase bomb (A) was pushed further under the table by Colonel Brandt, and the support shield (B) shielded Hitler from the worst of the blast. Below: Count von Stauffenberg (left); Beck (right).

was 12.42 pm, and in Stauffenberg's opinion Hitler was obviously now dead. He and Haeften got out fast, bamboozled their way through the two check points on their exit route – nobody dared question an obvious hero like Stauffenberg – drove like maniacs to the airfield, and took off in the elderly Heinkel provided for them to get back to Berlin. Unknown to Stauffenberg and Haeften, however, Hitler was not dead. He was not even seriously injured. His injuries amounted to singed hair, a partly paralysed right arm, damaged eardrums, and buttocks so badly bruised that, to use his own words, he had 'a backside like a baboon'. The most important part of the conspiracy of 1944 had failed, and many deaths – most of them in high places – would follow.

Students of World War II will be familiar with the word 'Resistance'. The French, the Belgians, the Dutch and the Scandinavians all had their underground movements which did their best to hinder or to confound in some way the activities of the German occupying forces. But even in Germany there was a resistance movement. Not, of course, against the German people as such, but against Hitler, the Nazi movement and its most terrifying spin-offs, Himmler's state security police, the Gestapo, his undercover thug gang, the SS, and its intelligence branch, the SD.

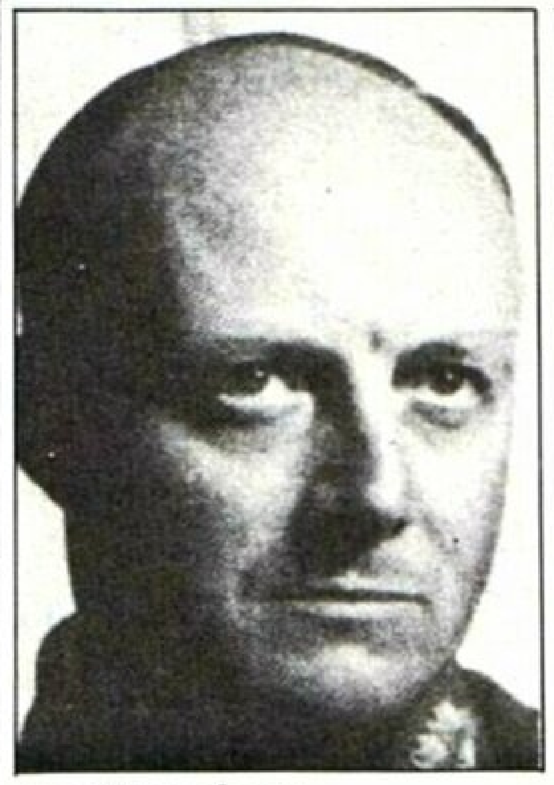
The origins of the resistance movement against Hitler go back to a time well before the outbreak of war, and lay mostly with the higher echelons of the Army where upper class Junker-type officers began to discern that the Fuehrer was leading Germany on a downward path to destruction. There was, it might be added, considerable criticism of the Nazi regime from the working class, but the Gestapo was everywhere, and those bold enough to speak out were soon arrested, deported to concentration camps, and in most cases never heard of again. So the only opportunity for deposing Hitler seemed to rest with the Prussian officer corps who had not only the will, but also the means to achieve that end by a military *coup d'etat*, the setting up of an interim government pending democratic elections, and, once war had broken out, an immediate suing for peace on honourable terms with the Western Allies. From 1940 onwards as the war progressed, there was less talk about arresting Hitler and impeaching him, and a great deal more about assassinating him.

By early 1943 the conspiracy was well established with devoted adherents in many high places, and the principals may be identified as follows. Most illustrious, and nominated to be Head of State following Hitler's downfall, was Ludwig Beck, a former general and Chief of the Army General Staff until 1938. He was a gentleman and a man of distinction and honourable record to whom the German people could look with respect and even reverence in a time of national emergency. Next, Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, a secret supporter who, despite his naval rank, was head of the *Abwehr*, the German military intelligence apparatus. Then two of Canaris' staff, Major-General Hans Oster, his deputy, and Helmuth Count von Moltke, his legal adviser. General Heinrich von Stuelpnagel, Military Governor in France with his headquarters in Paris, was to prove one of the most reliable conspirators, while Colonel-General Friederich Olbricht, Chief of Supplies in the Reserve Army stationed in Berlin, would also play a determined role in the ensuing events. Major-General Henning von Tresckow, Chief of Staff to Central Army Group on the Eastern Front, likewise played a very active part. Finally there was an important civilian, Dr Carl Godeler, a former mayor of Leipzig who had resigned the post as a gesture of defiance when ordered by the Nazis to pull down the city's statue of the Jewish composer Mendelssohn.

The assassination of any dictator poses particular problems, and they were in no way made easier by Adolf Hitler's personality and lifestyle. He was always accompanied by a devoted bodyguard of trained SS operators who, by the nature of their employment, were constantly on the look-out for would-be assassins. And Hitler's own mercurial temperament frequently led to unexpected changes of plan which sent his own staff scurrying for telephones, and on at least one occasion ruined a golden opportunity for a man who planned to kill him. As if that were not enough, there was the element of treason, particularly in the case of members of the Wehrmacht – the armed forces – all of whom had sworn an oath in August 1934 in the following terms: 'I swear before God to give my unconditional obedience to Adolf Hitler. Fuehrer of the Reich and of the German People, Supreme Commander of the Wehrmacht, and I pledge my word as a brave soldier to observe this oath always even at peril of my life.'

Such oaths are not sworn lightly, but the fact remains that by 1943 a growing number of senior army officers were looking for a way to remove the Fuehrer. The first of these to attempt something definite was von Tresckow who was Chief of Staff to Guenther von Kluge, at that time Commander-in-Chief on the Eastern Front. Kluge, it might be added, was well aware of what was going on. Through Admiral Canaris' counter-intelligence activities the conspirators had obtained some bombs of British manufacture which had a totally silent fuse mechanism. The device, concealed in a squarish container which looked like a bottle of Cointreau, was activated by snipping a lead. This triggered off an acid drip onto a wire which, depending on its thickness, would part and release the striking mechanism in ten minutes, thirty minutes or

turn to page 50

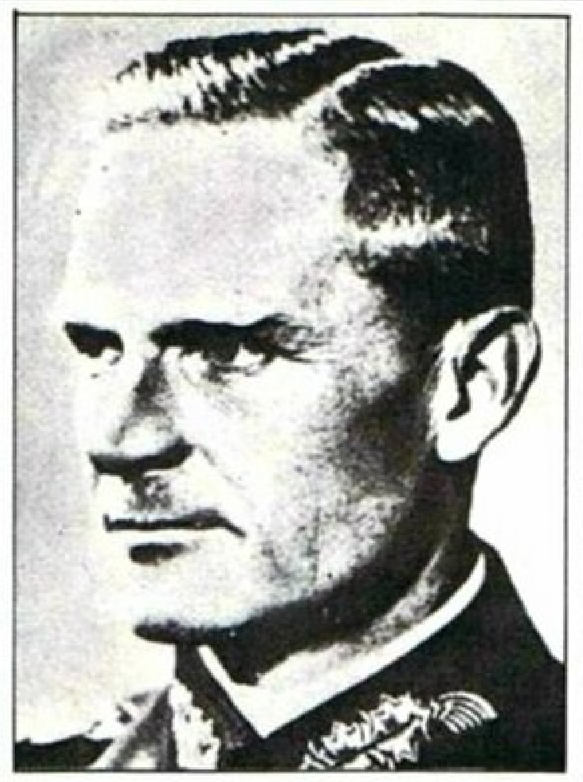


von Tresckow: suicide by hand grenade.

Major Remer: helped foil the plot.

Colonel-General Olbricht: firing squad.

General Fromm: firing squad.



General von Stuelpnagel: attempted suicide.

The Plot to kill Hitler

continued from page 42

two hours. Tresckow chose a thirty minute delay, parcelled up two bombs, and handed the package to one of Hitler's aides, telling him that it contained two bottles of Cointreau for his friend, General Helmuth Stieff (a fellow conspirator) who was on the staff at Hitler's East Prussian headquarters in Rastenburg. The officer accepted the package, and the bombs were on board the aircraft when Hitler took off from Kluge's headquarters in Smolensk for the two hour flight back to Rastenburg. It was sheer bad luck for the conspirators that although the wire parted, the detonator mechanism was faulty, and the bombs failed to explode. Hitler and his staff disembarked at Rastenburg, totally unaware of their narrow escape from certain death.

Early attempts on Hitler's life did not end there. There were at least three kamikaze-type plots by single-handed individuals. The first, Colonel von Gersdorff, planted time bombs in the pockets of his greatcoat, and planned to embrace the Fuehrer at the moment of explosion while he was opening an exhibition at the Berlin War Museum. This project failed because Hitler changed his mind at the last moment and decided not to attend. Similarly, another young officer, Baron Axel von dem Bussche, volunteered to model a new type of greatcoat which Hitler had announced his intention of inspection. Bussche prepared himself, like Gersdorff, by hiding bombs in his pockets, but time and again Hitler cancelled the inspection at short notice. Finally Bussche was wounded in action, but an even younger replacement, Ewart von Kleist – who was only 20 – volunteered for the suicide mission. Hitler, however, once more cancelled the demonstration, and the whole plot was frustrated.

It was around this time that a new and forceful character joined the ranks of the conspirators. He was by a long way the most dedicated and unequivocal of them, and was destined to become the key figure in the whole enterprise. This, of course, was Colonel Claus Phillip Maria Schenk, Count von Stauffenberg. He was then aged 37, a career army officer from Swabia in Southern Germany. His record had been a distinguished one, and as a staff officer in North Africa he had been very badly wounded when his car was strafed by an Allied fighter. The resulting disabilities which have been described would have persuaded many officers to leave the service with an honourable discharge, but not Stauffenberg. He was now Chief of Staff to General Fromm, the Commander-in-Chief of the Reserve Army, and as such had frequent opportunities to attend top level conferences at which Hitler and other Nazi leaders were present. The plotters soon decided that Stauffenberg, was ideally placed to make the attempt himself and he was more than willing to accept the responsibility. The British-made bombs were to be used as before, this time concealed in Stauffenberg's briefcase.

There were three occasions when Stauffenberg went to conferences with his armed briefcase. The first time, on July 11, 1944 at Berchtesgaden, he decided not to activate the bomb because neither Goering nor Himmler were present, and the conspirators had decided that they wanted to take out all three leaders at one go. On July 14 a further meeting was called, this time at Rastenburg, and once more the two others were not present. Stauffenberg went out to telephone his colleagues to ask their advice, but by the time he returned the meeting was breaking up, and another chance had been lost. At the next meeting on July 20 Stauffenberg had the go ahead to assassinate Hitler regardless of who else might be there.

We have seen how the bomb was fused, and the briefcase placed by Hitler's feet, but by sheer chance one of the staff officers, a Colonel Brandt, found it in his way and shoved it to one side with his foot. This manoeuvre cost him his life, and saved Hitler's. Two generals, Korten and Schmundt, were also killed, along with a stenographer. Two other officers were badly injured, and the rest escaped with shock or slight injury.

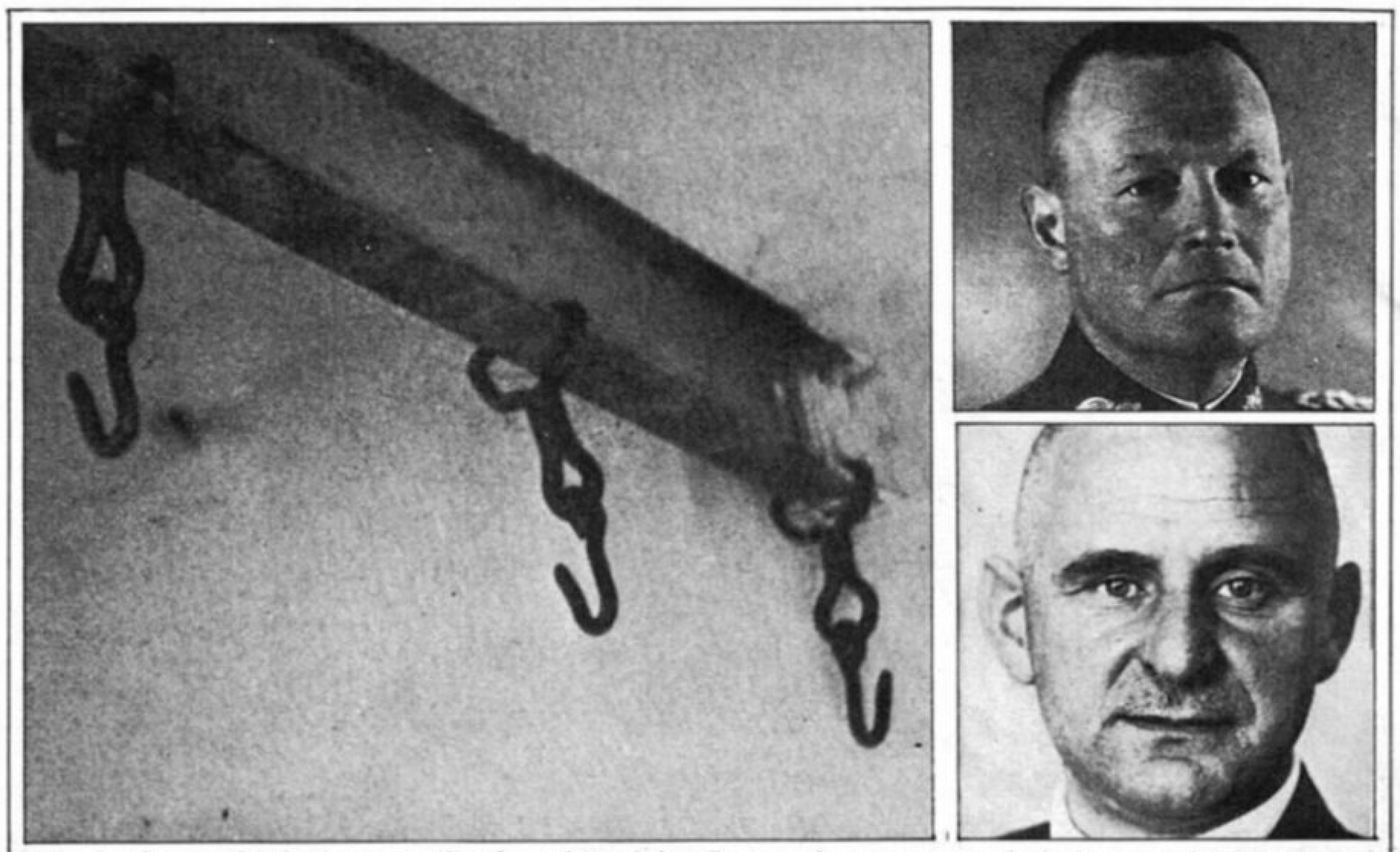
Keitel assisted Hitler from the wrecked building, and before he was fully recovered Hitler was clamping down on security at Rastenburg – or the Wolf's Lair to give it its rather appropriate name. Within minutes no messages could get out of Rastenburg without clearance from the SS, and Himmler was on his way from his own HQ only 25 kilometres away at Lake Maursee. This situation gravely embarrassed Major-General Fellgiebel who was head of communications at Rastenburg, and who was supposed to shut down all contact with the outside world while the *coup d'etat* was taking place in Berlin. Horrified to find that Hitler was still alive, he was even more aghast to discover that the SS had taken over his entire communications network; he could not even telephone his co-conspirators in Berlin to warn them about the current situation.

In the meantime Stauffenberg and Haeften had got back to Berlin, and burst into Fromm's HQ in the Bendlerstrasse with the inaccurate news that Hitler was dead. Olbricht, Fromm's Chief of Supplies, had already activated Operation Valkyrie, a cover plan designed to mobilise the Reserve Army with the object of taking over key media installations and imprisoning Gestapo and SS personnel; this, it might be added, without the knowledge of Fromm who, like some other generals, was a very half-hearted conspirator – ready to jump on the bandwagon once Hitler was dead, but not otherwise. Rommel and von Kluge, it seems, must be added to this distinguished catalogue of equivocal leaders who were party to the plot but unwilling to give it firm backing until the deed was done.

Fromm was really jumpy by now. When Stauffenberg, his own Chief of Staff, told him that Hitler was dead, he immediately telephoned Rastenburg to be told by Keitel that the Fuehrer was still alive. At that point Fromm advised Stauffenberg to shoot himself. But Stauffenberg, Olbricht and the others were convinced that Keitel was lying. Beck, by now on the scene as the heir apparent, had Fromm arrested, and appointed a fellow conspirator, General Hoepner, as C-in-C of the Reserve Army, unaware that by this time Hitler, suspicious of Fromm, had appointed Himmler to the same post. Thus, on the evening of July 20 1944, there were three officers, each of whom was entirely confident that he was the only true Commander-in-Chief of the Reserve Army. Over in France, meanwhile, Stuelpnagel showed his mettle by putting his own Valkyrie operation into effect and rounding up all the Gestapo and SS officials. He did this without the knowledge of Kluge, his immediate superior, who by now had been transferred from the Eastern to the Western Front, and was still as cautious as ever about supporting the plotters – blowing hot and cold by turns. Typically enough he had left behind on the Eastern Front his Chief of Staff, von Tresckow, one of the really devoted plotters – now more or less cut off from his sympathisers.

In Berlin, meanwhile, events had begun to

turn to page 70



Hooks from which Hoepner (top) and Godeler (bottom) were strangled along with 200 others.

The Plot to kill Hitler

continued from page 50

move rapidly. Handling of the Valkyrie Operation in that city can only be described as amateurish. To take only one example, Hoepner knew that the only high-ranking Nazi presently in the city was Dr Josef Goebbels, and it seemed a reasonable idea to have him arrested. But Hoepner put in charge of the arresting party a Major Remer, a devout Nazi who was only going along with the new regime in the belief that Hitler was dead. Goebbels had been telephoned earlier by a now recovering Hitler who informed him that some kind of military *putsch* seemed to be taking place with its centre at the Bendlerstrasse. What happened when Remer arrived at Goebbels' house near the Brandenburg Gate can be summarised by Roger Manvell in his book 'The Conspirators, 20 July 1944' (Pan Ballantyne, 1971):

'... Major Remer reached Goebbels house. He still did not know whether Hitler was alive or not. The Minister for Propaganda received him at once and demanded to know if he were absolutely loyal to the Fuehrer. Remer reassured him that he was without reservation. It was, Goebbels insisted, an historic moment. Hitler was alive, but the future of the Reich, he said, depended on this single junior officer. Goebbels was not Minister of Propaganda for nothing; he knew when to bring sentiment to bear ... It was like a play, with Remer an aspiring understudy who had suddenly been awarded the star part of his dreams. It was Major Remer, the Nazi David, the brave young officer with his Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves pitted against those hideous Goliaths of subversion, Beck and Stauffenberg.'

Goebbels rounded off the interview by getting Hitler on the telephone at Rastenburg, and then handing the receiver to Remer who recognised the unmistakable voice – he had been decorated by the Fuehrer only recently. Hitler, who even when suffering from shock knew how to deal with a situation like this, promoted Remer to Colonel on the spot, and charged him with frustrating in every possible way the machinations of the conspirators pending the arrival of Himmler who, even then, was already on his way to Berlin.

Back at the Bendlerstrasse, the main conspirators had moved into Fromm's office which was more spacious and comfortable. The two men best equipped to deal with a very fluid situation – Stauffenberg and Olbricht – were tied up on telephones, dealing with an unending stream of calls from military sources demanding to know what was going on, while Beck, Hoepner and some lesser mortals tried to cope with a *coup d'etat* which was rapidly slipping from their grasp. Eventually, Fromm was freed from his captivity, and mustered some loyal troops – that is, loyal to Hitler – who burst in with an armed assault on the conspirators. Gunfire followed in which Stauffenberg was badly wounded in his left and only remaining arm. Fromm, now back in charge of his command, as he fondly thought, and well aware of his own vulnerability in the whole unfortunate business, decided on some fierce back-pedalling. He convened a summary court martial on the spot, and condemned four of his own staff to death – Stauffenberg, Olbricht, Haeften and Colonel Quirnheim who had initiated the Valkyrie orders without reference to him. Beck requested the 'honourable' way out by shooting himself with his own pistol; he fired two shots without doing more than grazing his temple, and a sergeant finished him off with a bullet through the back of the neck as a *coup de grace*. Hoepner, refusing that gentleman's way out, was hustled off into captivity. As the cell doors banged behind him, he may have heard the roar of engines as trucks and vans drove up to turn their masked headlights onto the courtyard wall for the firing squad lined up to shoot Fromm's victims. Stauffenberg was barely conscious and bleeding profusely; his loyal adjutant, Haeften, held him upright as all of them were shot. Some authorities say that Stauffenberg revived sufficiently to shout, 'Long live our sacred Germany,' as the volley rang out. Fromm then hurried round to make his number with Goebbels who remained unimpressed, and merely made a sardonic comment about the alacrity with which the General had got all the evidence underground. Fromm, in fact, paid with his life later in front of a firing squad, for failing to pass on news of the impending *putsch*.

The situation in France was now also grave. Von Stuelpnagel came down from Paris to von Kluge's headquarters at the magnificent Chateau La Roche-Guyon, and the two generals drank champagne over a candellit dinner. 'The bloody thing's misfired,' Kluge is reported as saying. By this time both of them had decided to take their own lives. Stuelpnagel, like Beck, was clumsy. Recalled to Berlin for interrogation, he told his driver to pull off onto a side road near Sedan, and shot himself in the head. He succeeded in removing his right eye, and collapsed into a river from which his floating body was recovered. After emergency surgery he lived to stand trial with the inevitable consequences. Von Kluge was tidier. When, without warning, his replacement, Field-Marshal Walther Model, arrived with a letter recalling him to the Bendlerstrasse, he got into his staff car and drove eastwards. Around midday he stopped the car, and went to sit under a tree to take his lunch. For dessert he took a cyanide capsule. Erwin Rommel, whose allegiance to the cause was, at best, marginal, was *ordered* to take poison by two SS generals who watched him die, and then set in motion arrangements for a State Funeral for the German people's – and Hitler's – favourite general.

For the less favoured it was a short walk to the gallows after a show trial before a so-called People's Court. Hitler's revenge was paranoid in its intensity. Remaining conspirators like Canaris, Hoepner, Godeler and around two hundred others were stripped of all uniform, and appeared in Court in shabby, ill-fitting civilian suits, grabbing at their trousers as no belts or braces were allowed. They ended on a scaffold, stripped naked and strangled rather than hanged at the Plotzensee Prison. Roger Manvell pictures the scene through the words of an eye witness:

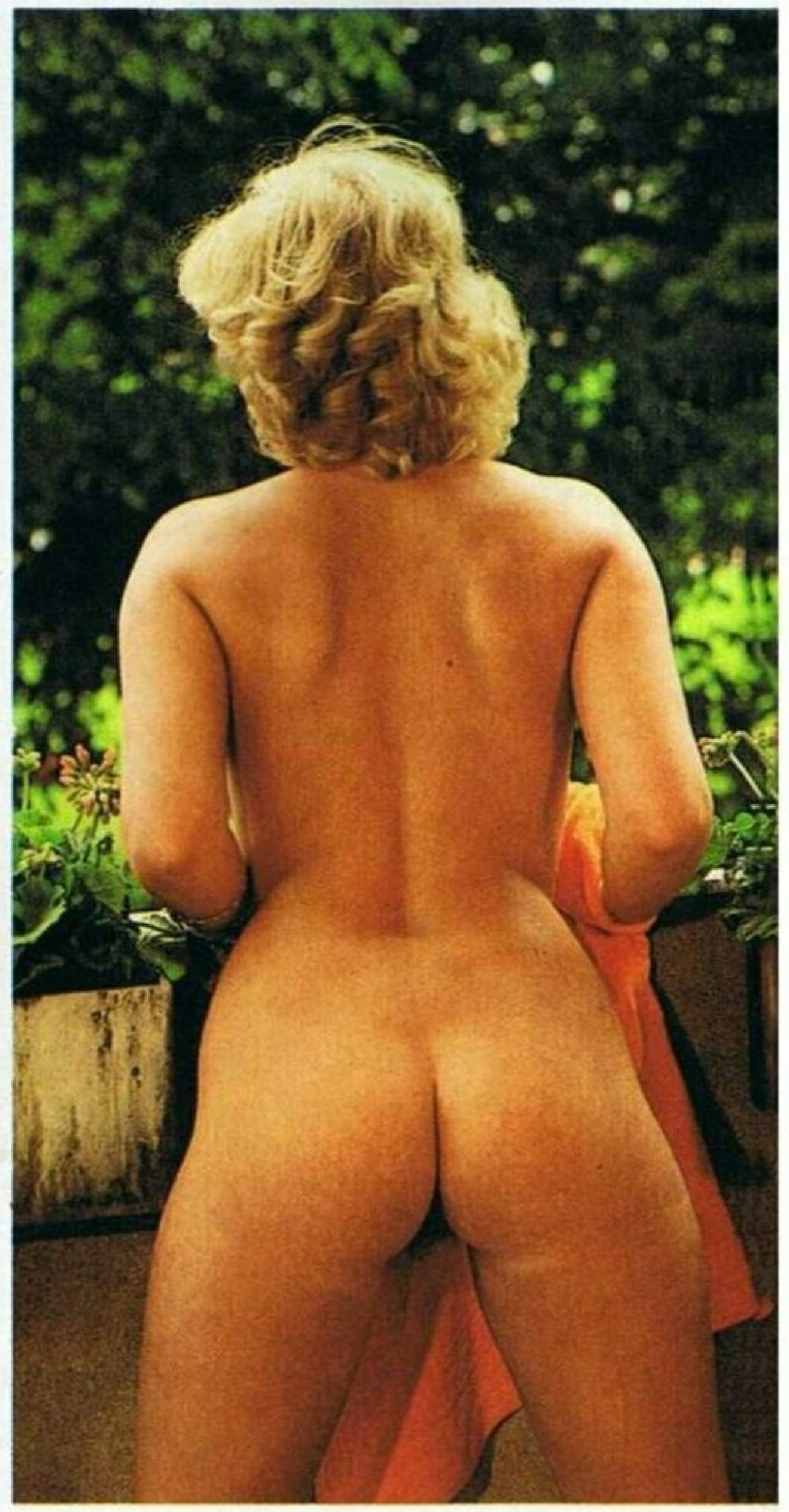
'Imagine a room with a low ceiling and whitewashed walls. Below the ceiling a rail is fixed. From it hung six big hooks, like those butchers use to hang their meat. In one corner stood a movie camera. Reflections cast a dazzling, blinding light ... At the wall there was a small table with a bottle of cognac and glasses for the witnesses of the execution ... The hangman wore a permanent leer and made jokes incessantly. The camera worked uninterruptedly, for Hitler wanted to see and hear how his enemies died ... He had had the executioner come to him, and had personally arranged the details of the procedure. "I want them to be hanged, hung up like carcasses of meat." Those were his words.'

And so the abortive *coup* ended. It was a plot worthy of Shakespeare who wrote on the same theme in Julius Caesar. But the analogy cannot be taken too far. One can easily imagine Stauffenberg, Olbricht and the others as Brutus, Cassius and Casca, but where are you going to look for your Mark Antony? The uncomfortable feeling is that the only man who fits that particular toga is Dr Josef Goebbels who, as much as anyone, saved the day for Hitler in the chaotic aftermath of July 20, 1944.

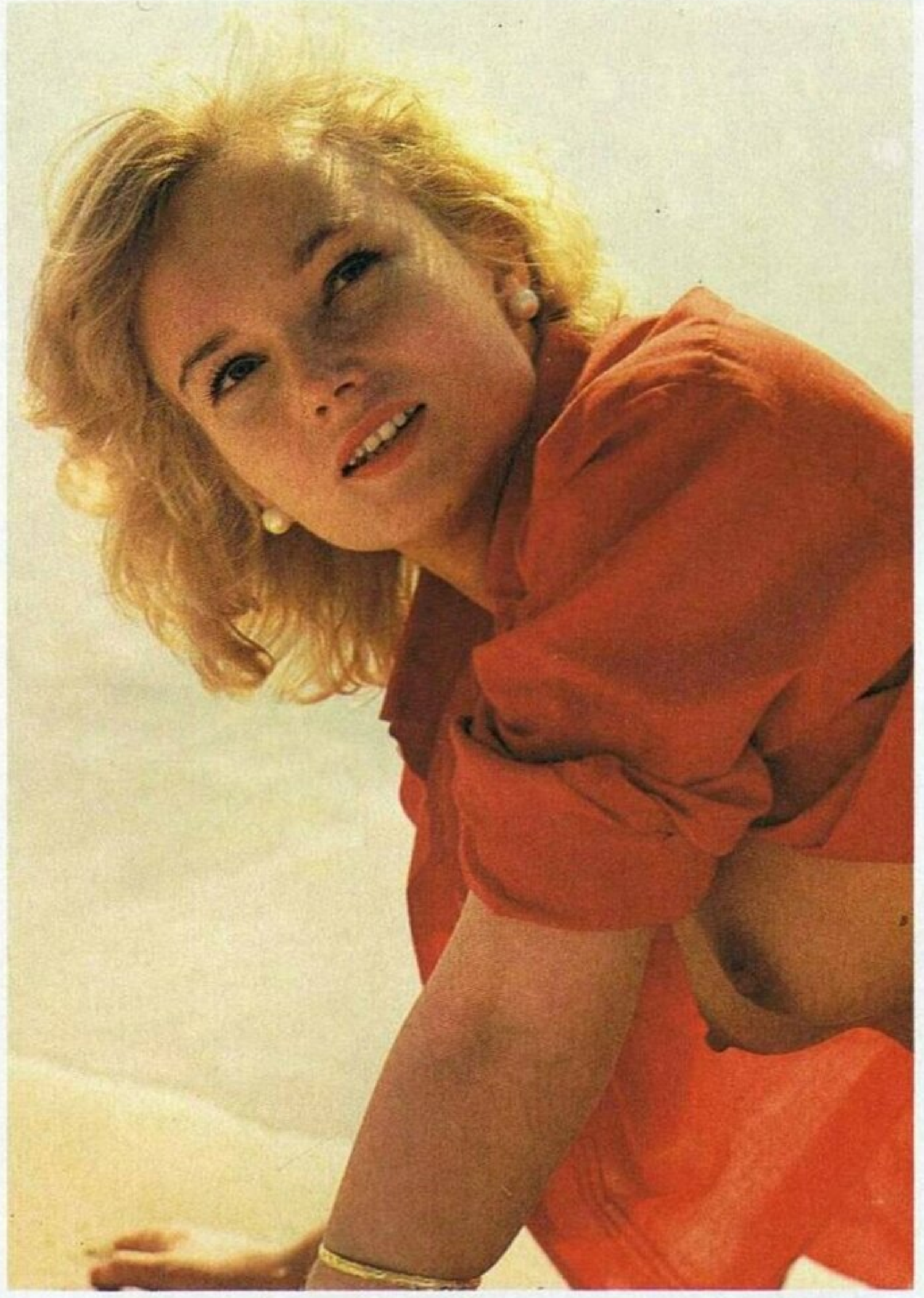
Deirdre

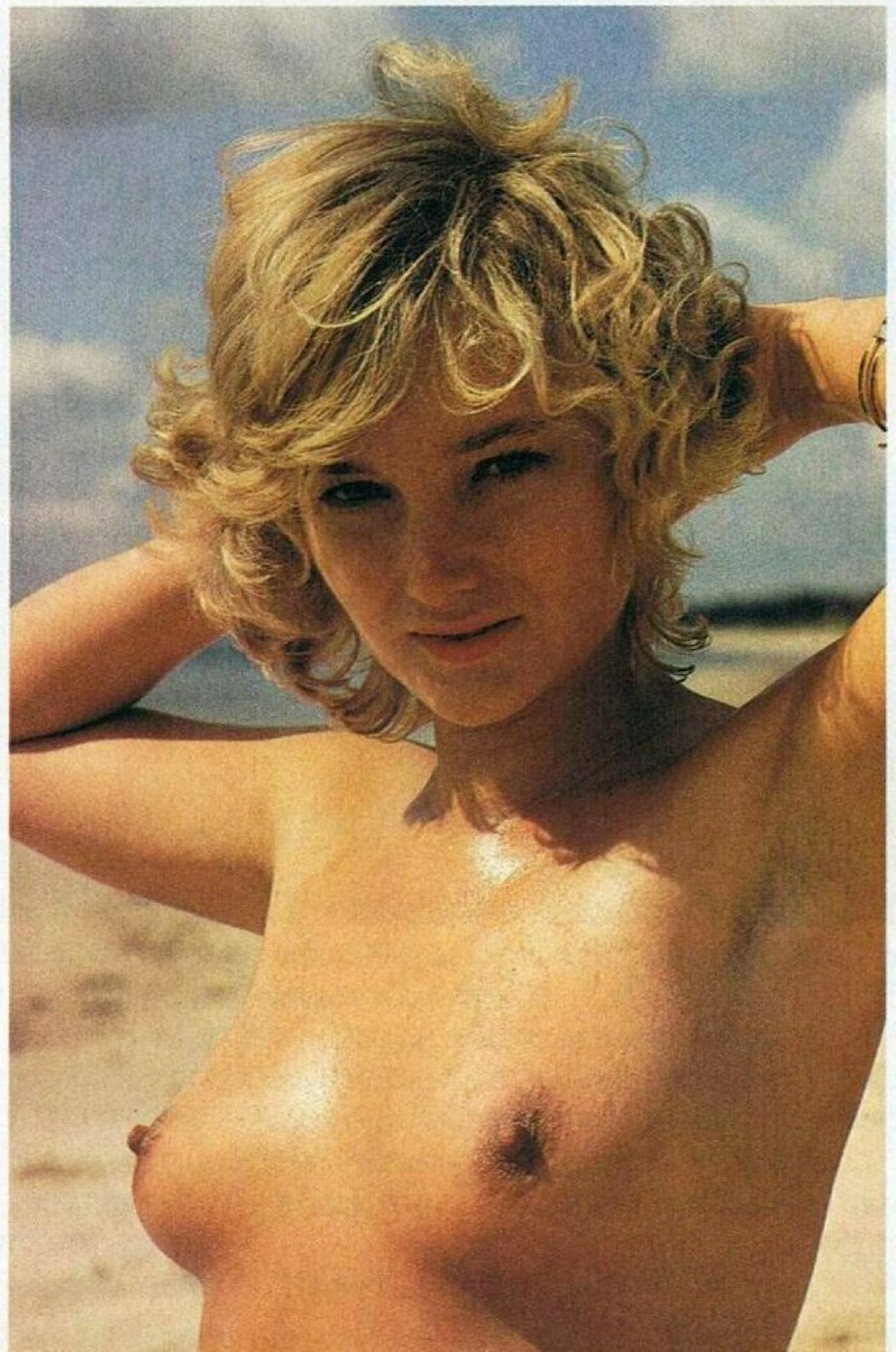
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Mayfair photographers travel the world looking for exotic new locations in which to pose our beautiful girls. And the models themselves usually jump at the chance of spending two weeks on a white sandy beach fringed with swaying palms. But photographer Gerth Sernelin told us he decided it would be more fitting to take the pictures of 20-year-old Deirdre Atkins much nearer home, at Grange-Over Sands on the Lancashire coast. 'I'm Lancashire born and bred, and proud of it,' she told us in an accent you could cut with a knife. 'I know we don't exactly have a Mediterranean climate, but it has its own charm, and I've had some great times there.'



Deirdre's 34-24-34 figure is usually tucked away deep in the British Rail offices in Preston where she works and lives with her parents. 'Some of my friends are always talking about moving down to London, but I'm very happy here, and there's something about the Lancashire men that makes them very special.' Deirdre decided to pose for us when a boyfriend showed her *Mayfair* and bet her a night out she wouldn't dare try it. 'Of course I couldn't resist a challenge, so here I am. Now I'm looking forward to that night on the town and a slap up meal.'



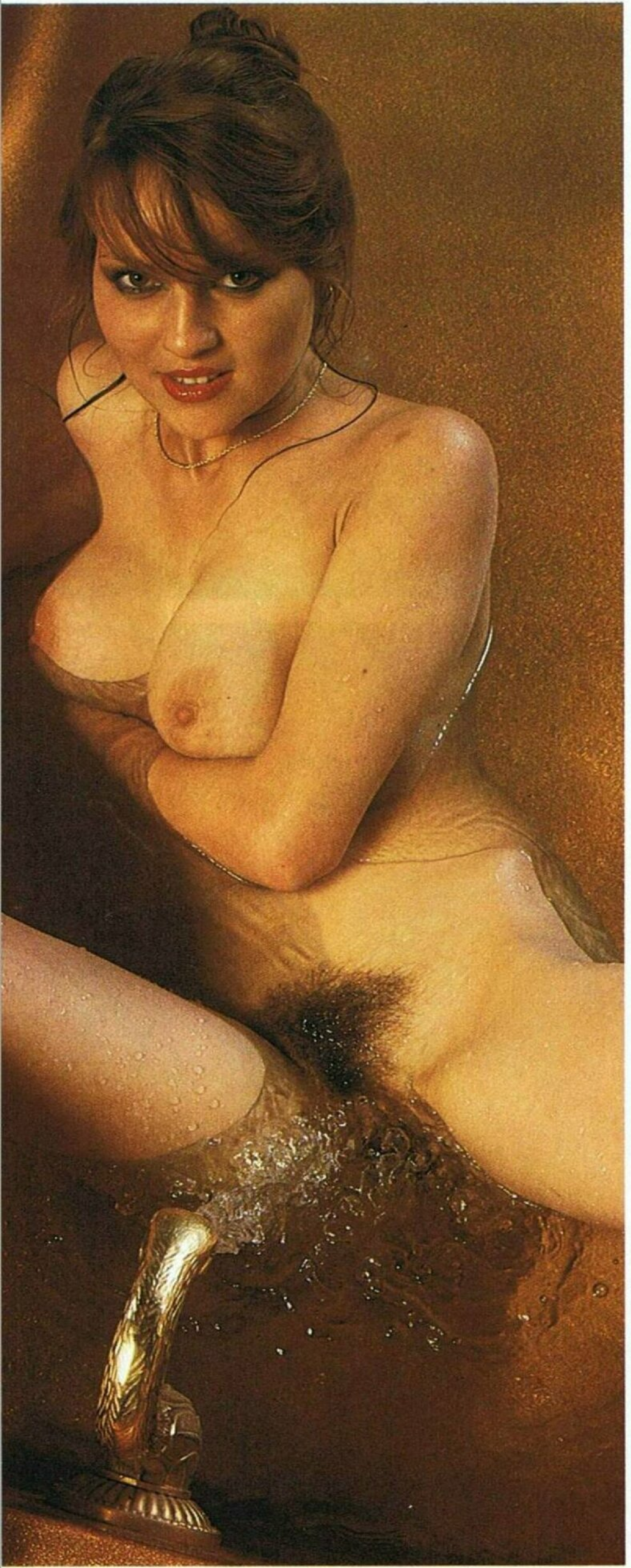


CHRISTINE

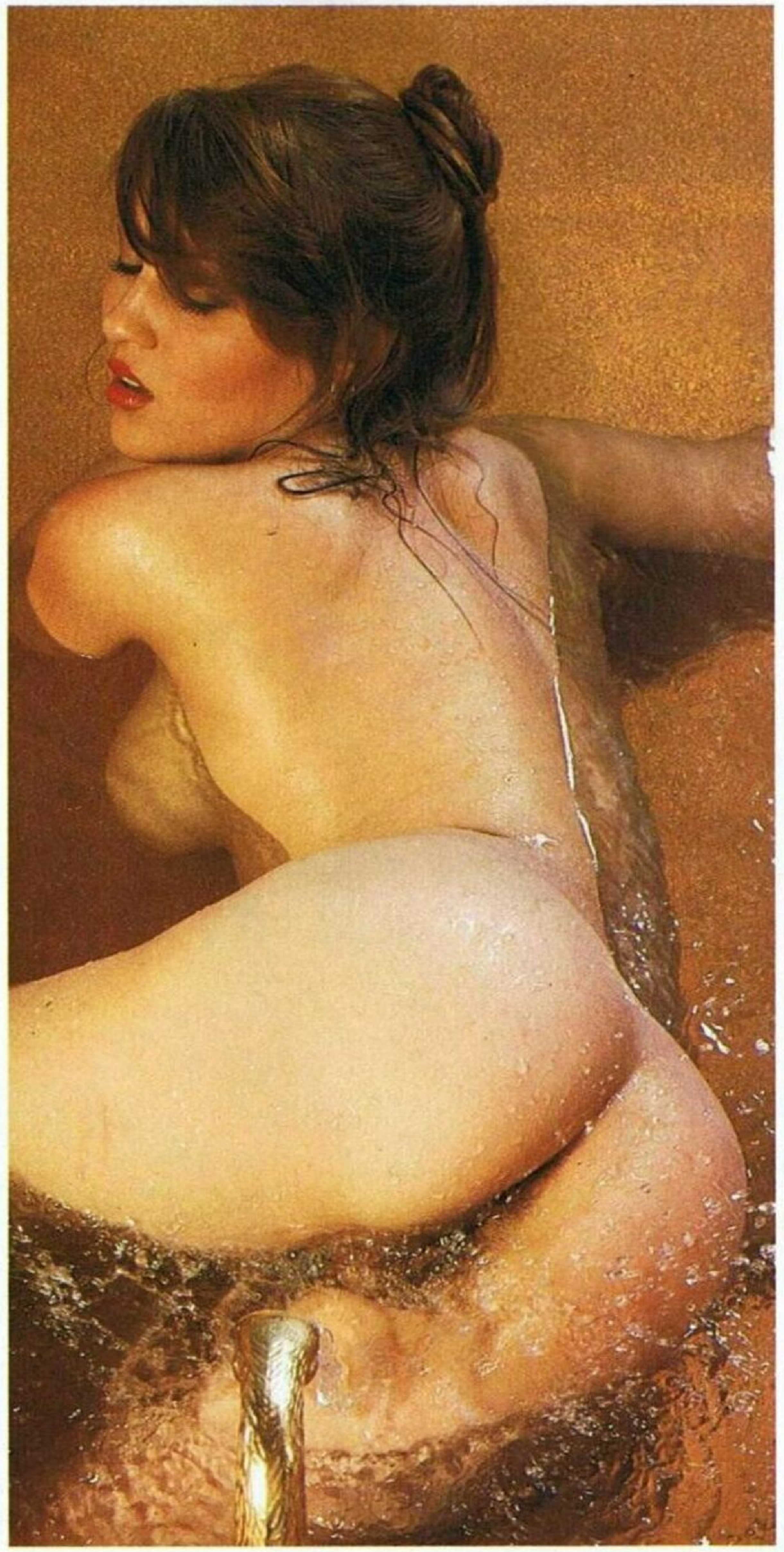
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

If you travel home on the District Line tube, and one day find yourself sitting opposite a sexy brunette who stares at you intently, don't panic. She's not trying to tell you your flies are undone, it will just be Christine Green looking for characters for her novel. And if she gets it published you might recognise yourself in it. 'I'm such a fanatic for crime thrillers that I've finally decided to write my own. Anyway, I always sit on the tube trying to guess the sinister secrets that other commuters are hiding, so I thought it would be fun to work out a proper plot. And you see so many different people that it's wonderful for characters.'

Twenty-year-old Christine travels up to town from her Wimbledon flat. She is a legal secretary for a firm of solicitors in Holborn, but has ambitions of becoming a full-time novelist, which indirectly led to her revealing her 36-24-34 figure in *Mayfair*. 'I believe that you can't really write well until you have experienced life. So as mine has always been rather sheltered I just sat down one day, and wrote a list of the ten most unlikely, out of character things that I could have a go at.' Glamour modelling was on the list, and when Christine took the plunge she found she really enjoyed it. 'I was shy at first, but when I relaxed it was great fun, and I can't wait to see my friends' faces when they open *Mayfair*.'

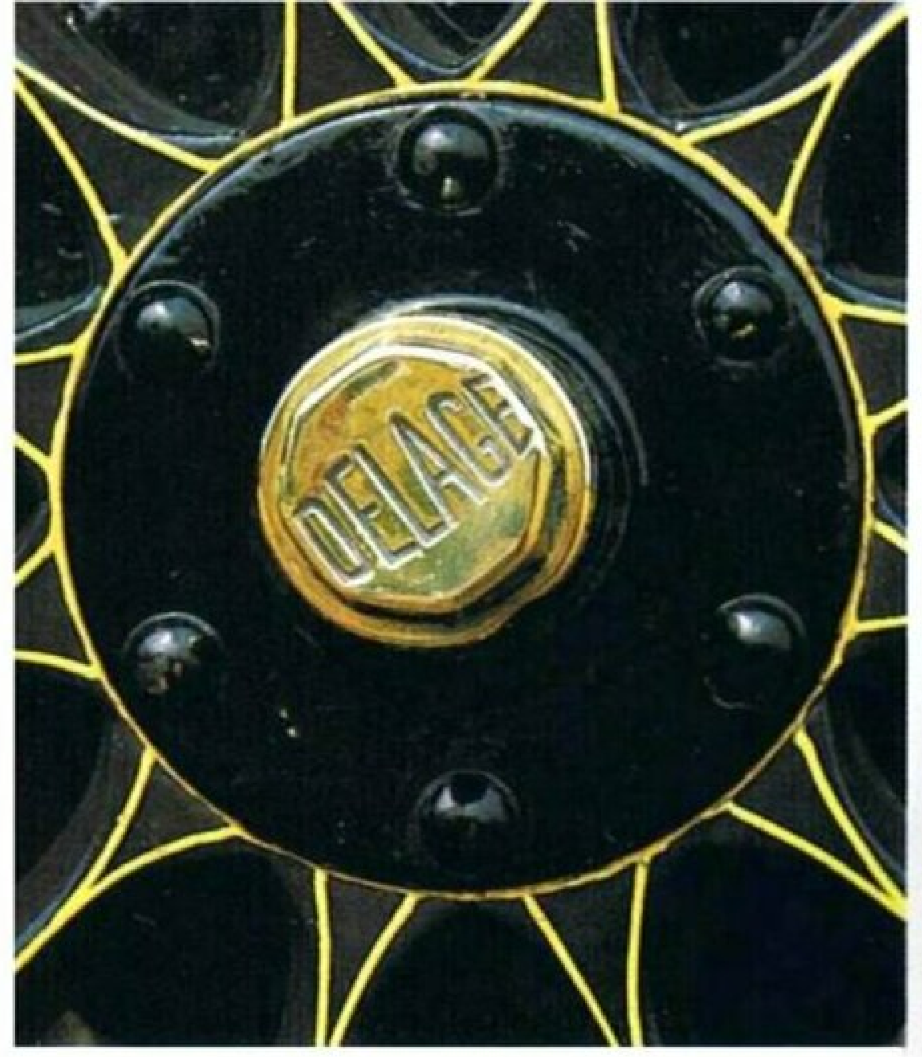


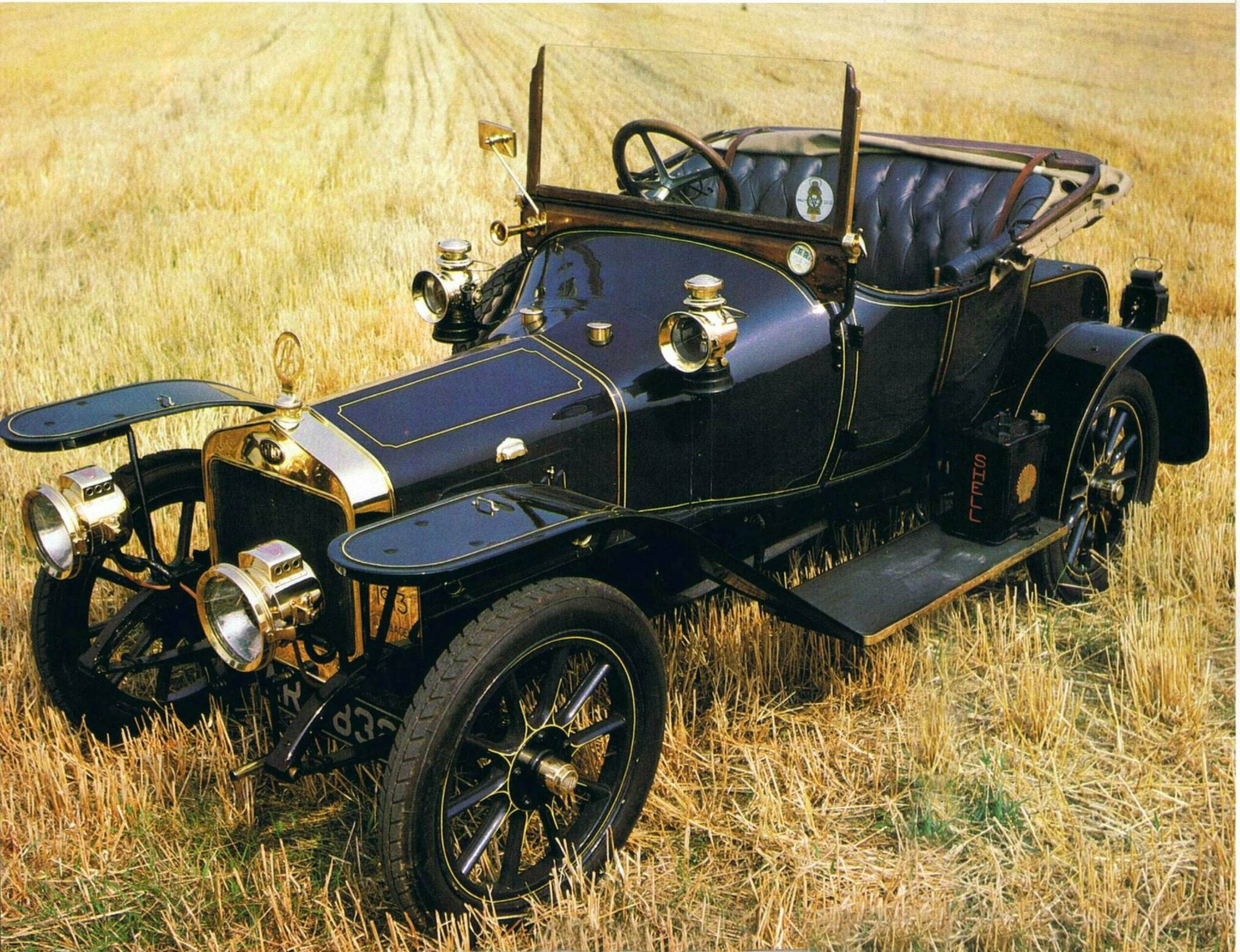
Christine is keeping the other nine experiences on the list to herself, but revealed that one of them is taking a weekend parachuting course, to overcome her fear of heights. When she is not taxing her mind by working on her novel, she likes to exercise her body by jogging on Wimbledon Common, which is where she met one of her current boyfriends. 'I was jogging along one day when he ran alongside me, and asked me out for a drink. I said I would go if he could beat me to the windmill in the middle of the common. I could see he'd already been running some time, but he shot off, and just beat me, though perhaps I was not trying as hard as I might.'



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
CHRISTINE GREEN

Large picture and near right: Two views of a Delage D1 from 1913. This model is owned by Les Thomas of Yeovil whose restored Rolls Royce was also featured in Mayfair *in Vol 17 No 12. Top far right: The wheel hub from the same model, embossed with the company's name. Continuing clockwise: One of Delage's racing cars. Built in 1922, the La Torpille had a 5,228cc engine. Bottom right: The simple wooden cockpit of the 1913 D1.*



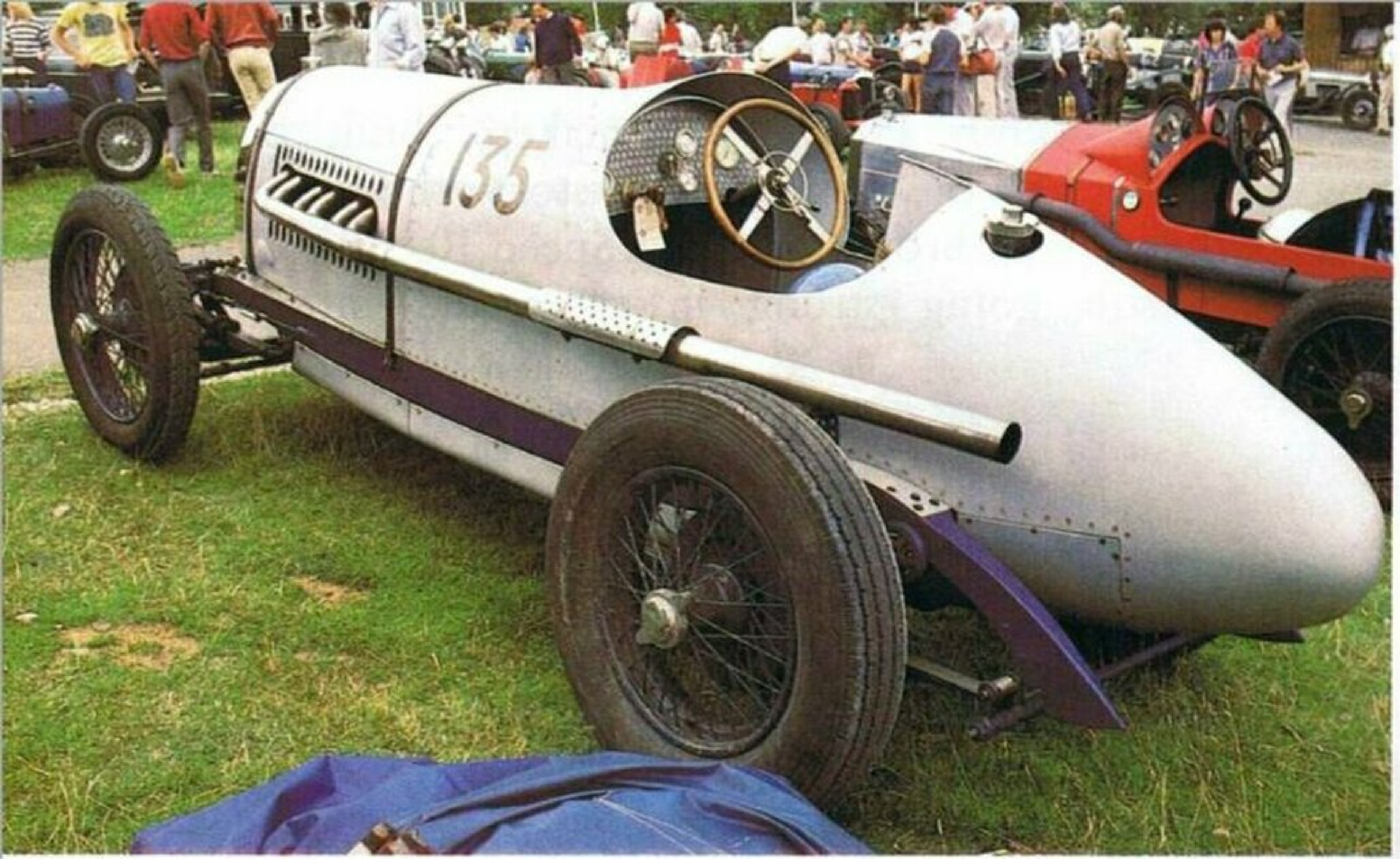


Delage, the stylish French car makers, built only a few models, yet in their brief history they beat the Bugattis, and even broke the Land Speed Record. Today, they are still going strong in races and hill climbs

DELAGE AS LIFE

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

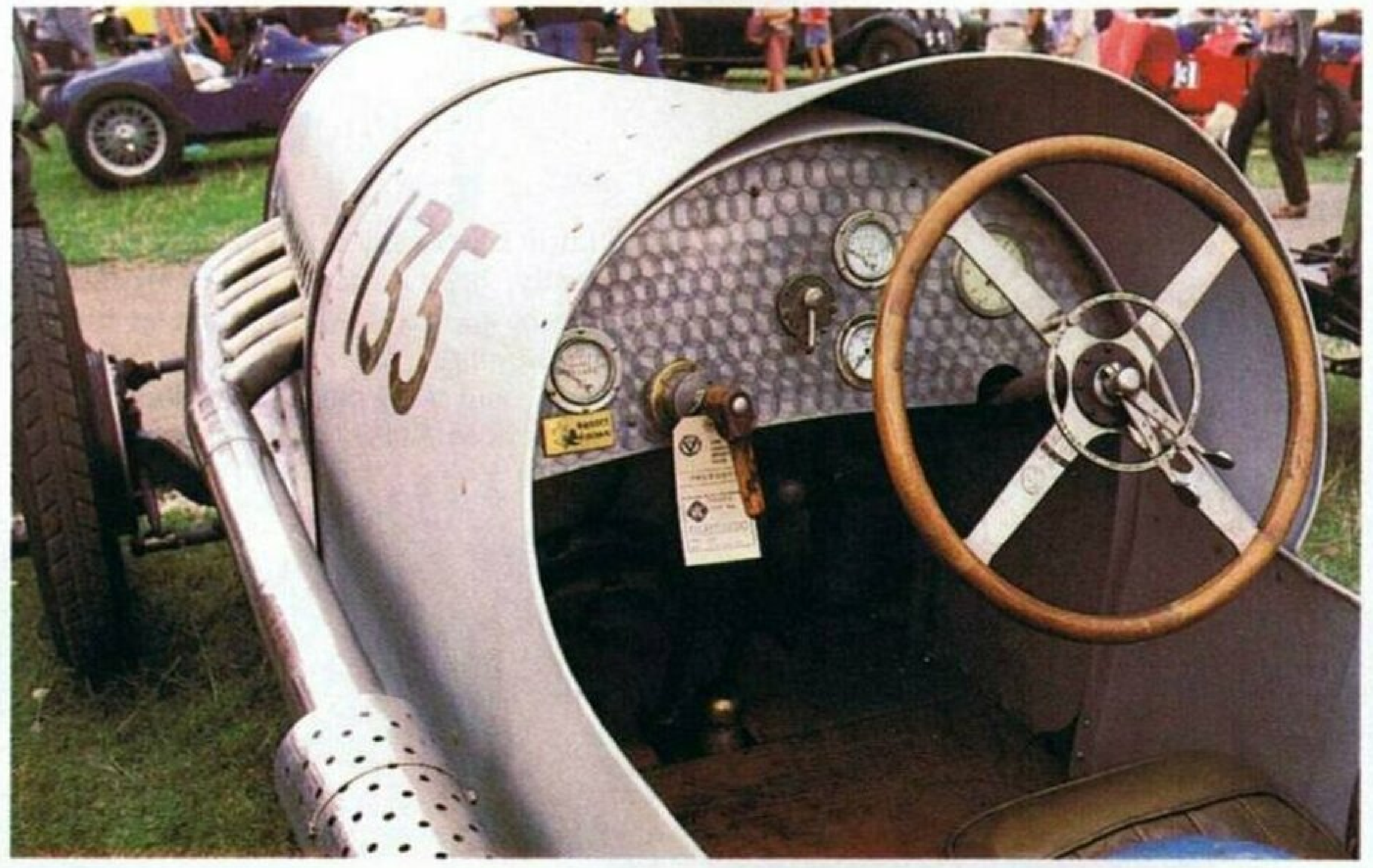
It is fairly safe to say that France does things differently, be it a matter of female-fashion, food, wine or sexy women. Just as there is nowhere quite so exciting to dine as *Maxim's*, and the Follies is the show to see, the French emphasis on beauty extends to her great vintage motor-cars. The noble Hispano Suiza, of Spanish origin but made near Paris, was rendered legendary by Michael Arlen in his 1920's novel *The Green Hat*. The Panhard-Levassor was as old as motoring itself, the De Dion Bouton likewise,

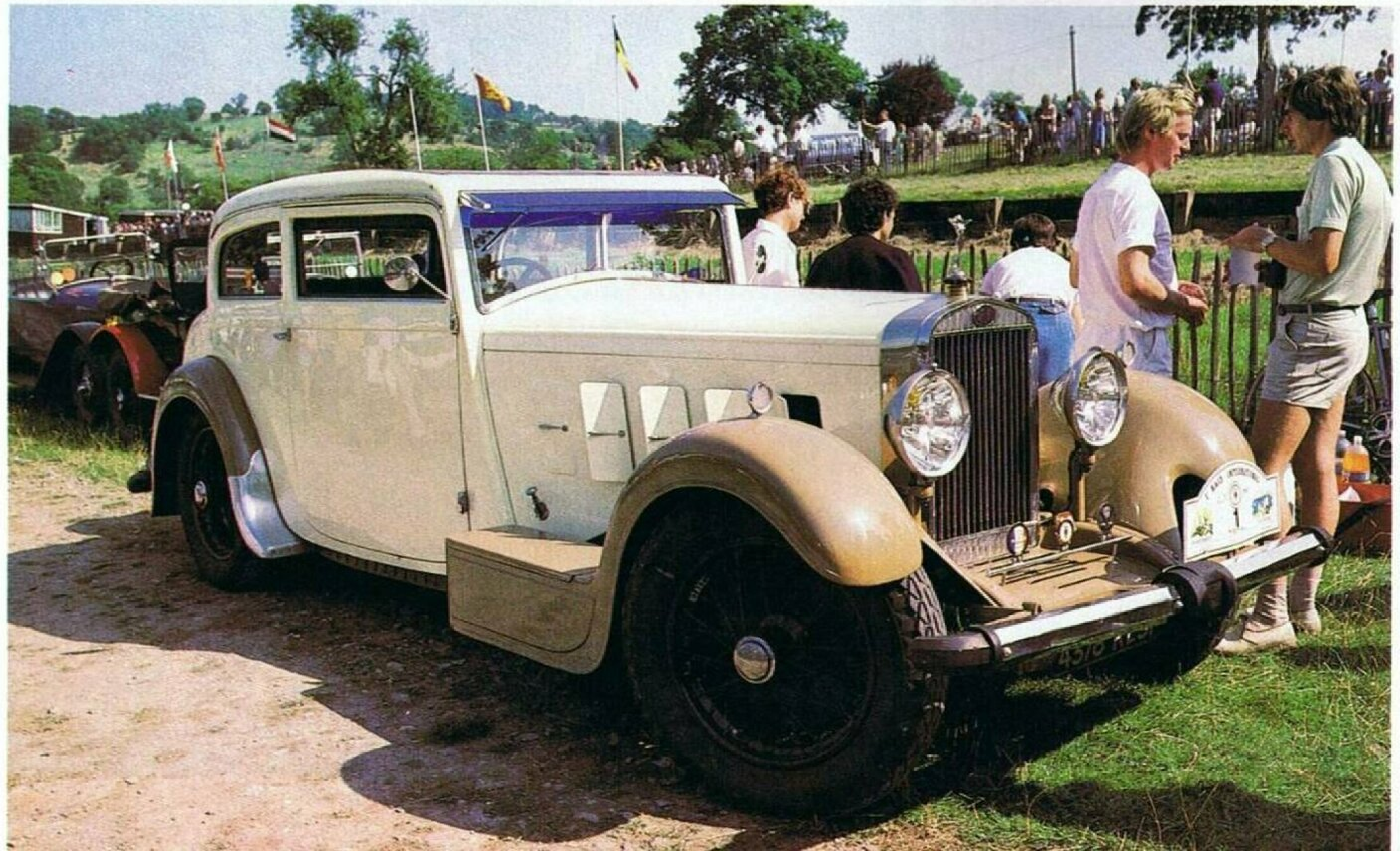


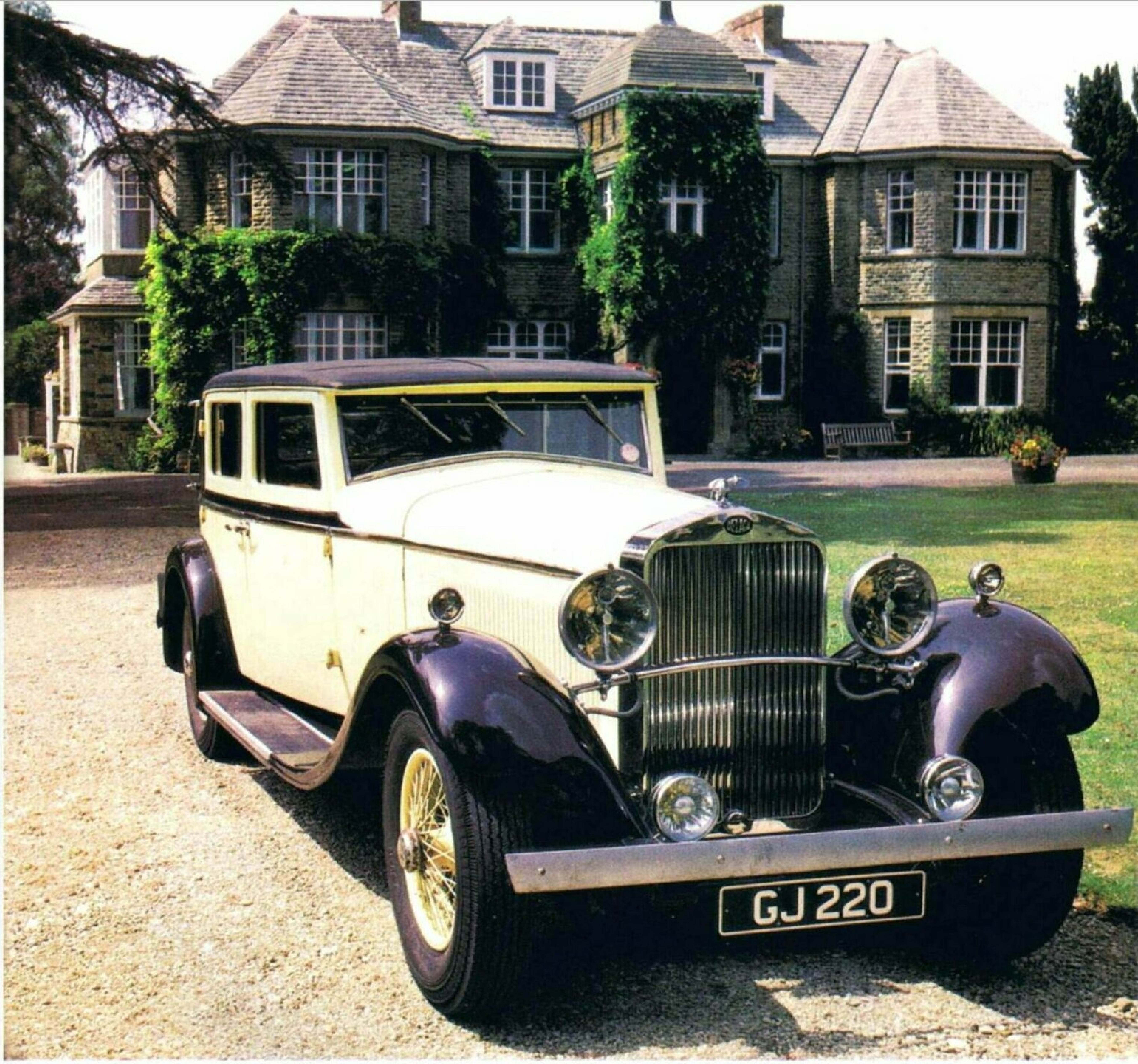
and remembered for a back-axle layout that persists in very small numbers today on only the more exotic motor-cars. The staid Delaunay-Belleville, its rounded radiator resembling a steam boiler for very good reason, was the choice of the Czar of all the Russias; the noisy Bugatti the personification of sports-cars and vintage motor-racing.

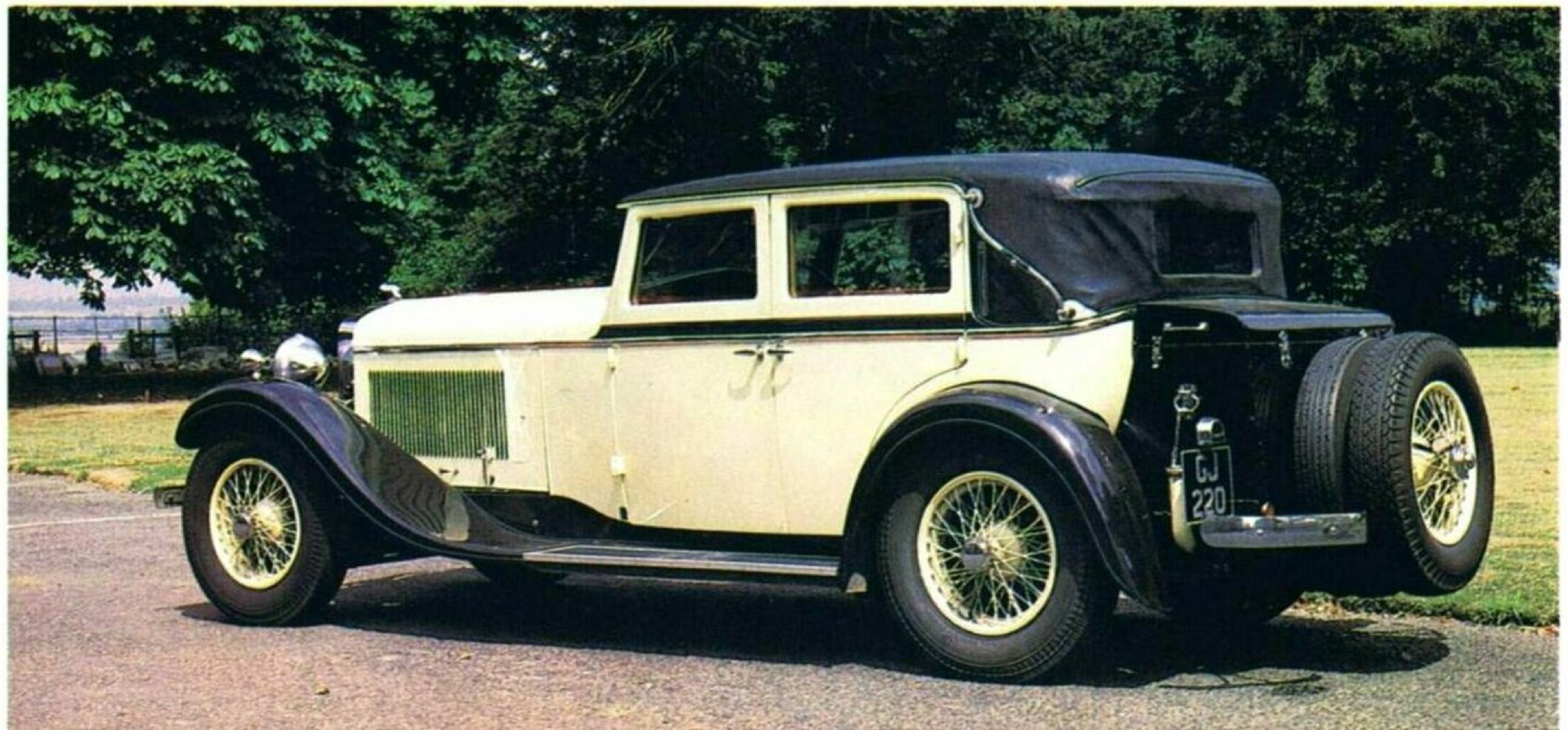
Whilst Citroën advanced the cause of the now universal front-wheel-drive, pre-war Renault adopted a frontal radiator on its rugged, pre-war cars, and Peugeot made comfortable cars of notable individuality, no make better exemplified the French automobile than Delage. From quite humble beginnings, making cars with other people's engines, Louis Delage expressed an interest in motor racing as early as 1908. He soon launched himself as a manufacturer at his factory at Courbevoire on the Seine. After a spell of munitions-making during the First

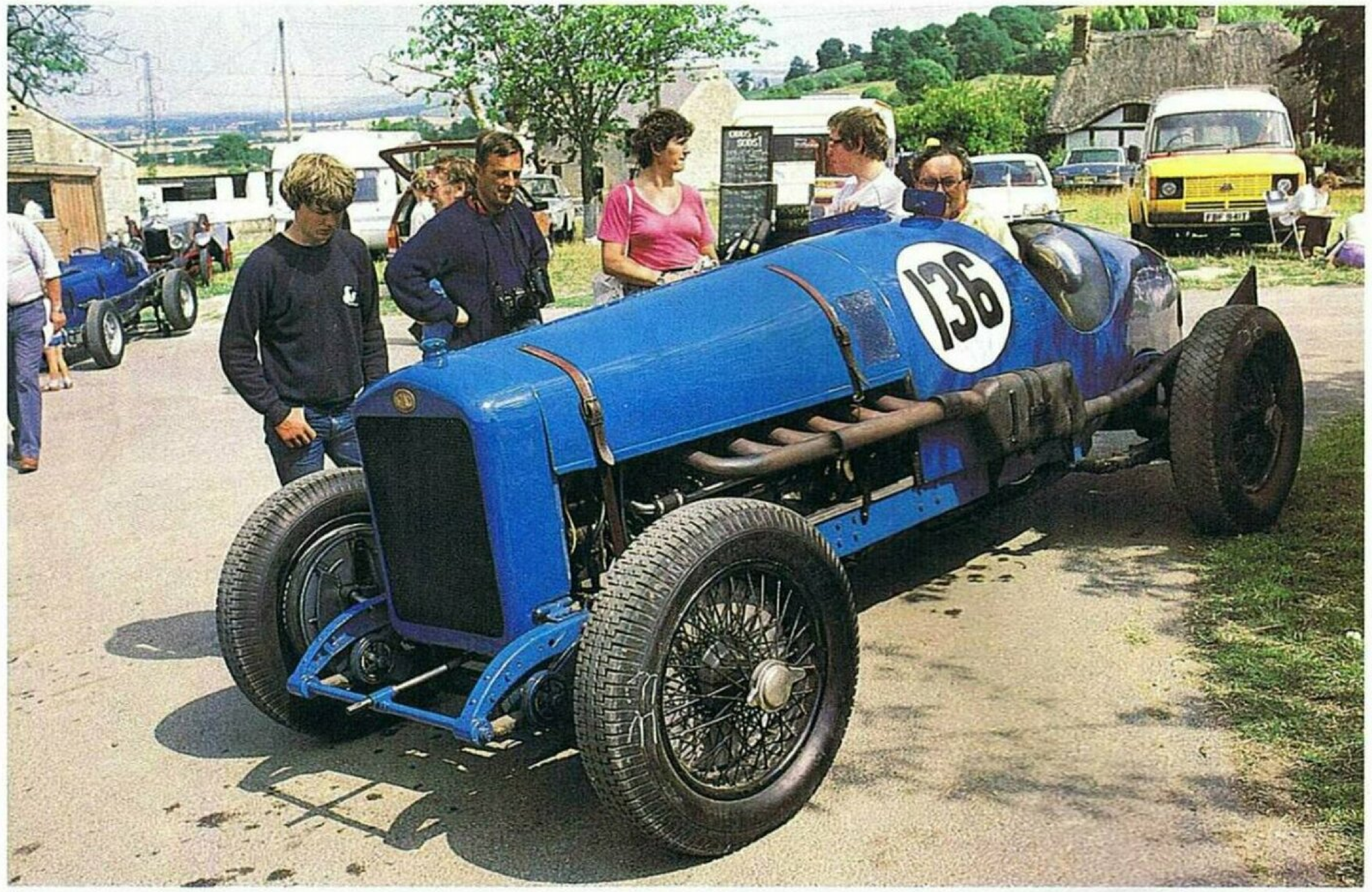
Above: A rear view of the Delage La Torpille from 1922 seen on the previous page. Near right: A look at its cramped racing cockpit. Bottom: A Delage DMS fixed head coupé, this one was built in 1928. Two pictures on facing page: A Delage D8 seen from different angles. Designed by Chapron, and dating from 1930, this fine example is owned by Malcolm Elder who is offering it for sale. It's outside Middle Aston House in Oxfordshire.



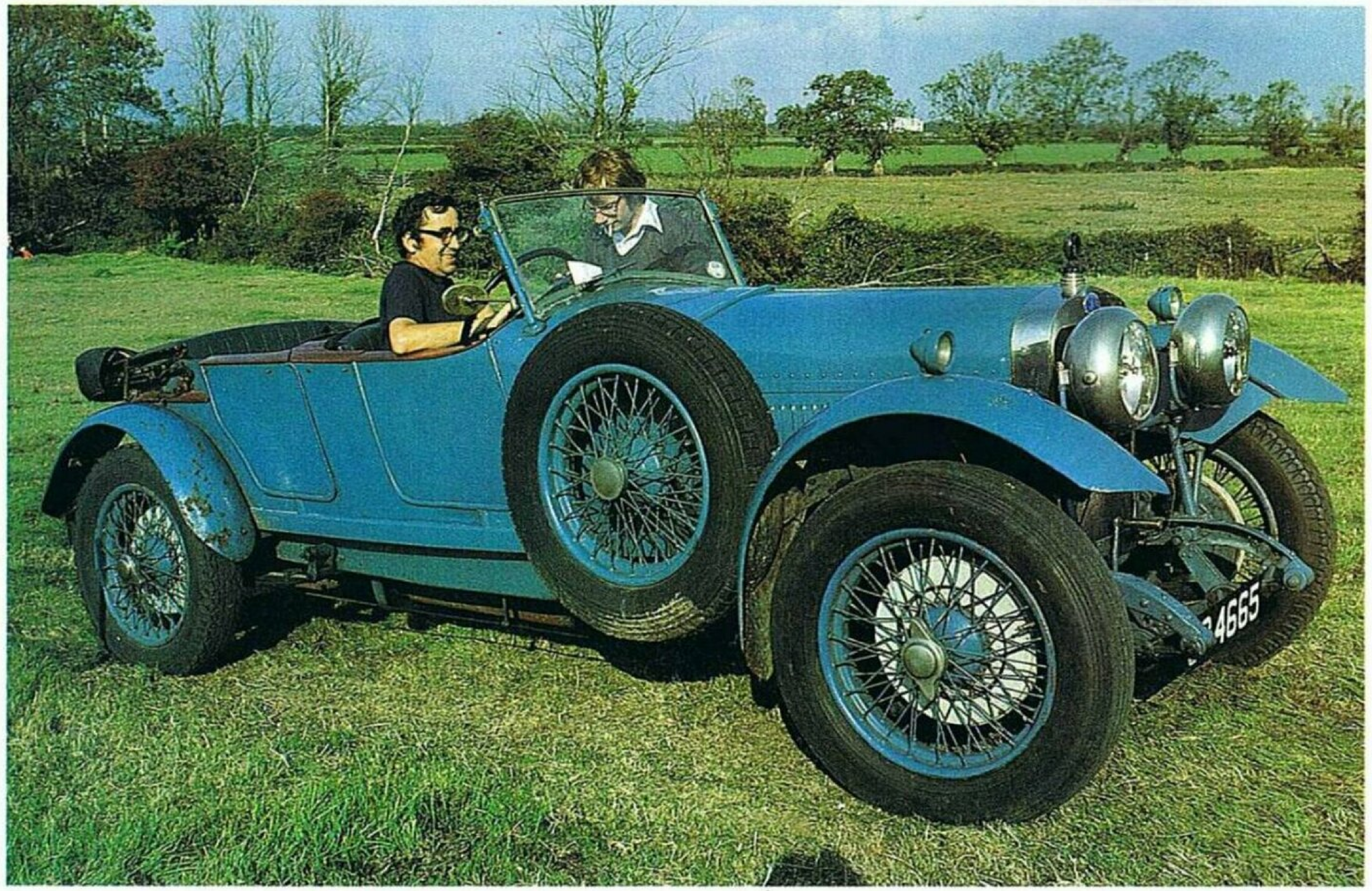








Above: In 1924, Delage attempted to beat the World Land Speed Record with this car built the previous year. Driven by René Thomas, the 10,688cc vehicle eventually reached a speed of 143.31 mph, making it the fastest vehicle on land at that time. Below: For a stylish but more leisurely pace, this model emerged four years later. The Delage D1S from 1928 had a 2,120cc engine and was a popular tourer.



World War, he emerged with some truly covetable cars.

One such was the D1 Delage, a medium-sized fast touring car of just over 2-litres, with push-rod-operated overhead valves, and coachwork of the kind Parisiens loved. After a while this D1 model was made to go a bit faster with the use of larger valves and a slightly higher back axle ratio, and was known as the D1S Delage. It was at its best on those long, ruler-straight tree-lined French main highways, because the gearbox was the same as the D1, with rather too widely spaced ratios. However, it was with these models that the seal was set on Delage's superiority, although both were overshadowed by the earlier 40/50 hp six-cylinder front-wheel-braked touring car that made its sensational debut soon after the 1918 Armistice. The excellence of this car was demonstrated when Louis himself, accompanied by one of the leading French motoring writers WF Bradley, took it on a little jaunt of 3,000 miles around its native land over six days, using the war-torn, crude roads of the time. Perhaps it was demonstrations like that, more than anything else, which established the Delage as a make able to challenge even the fame of the illustrious Hispano Suiza. However, it wasn't until around 1925, with the D1 model, known here as the 14 hp type, that Delage made his bid for British sales. Very soon his agents, the London and Paris Motor Company, were well placed to please, especially as the D1SS had arrived on the scene by 1926 (the last two initials of its type-designation standing for 'Special Sport'). This improved version of the D1 Delage was lighter, lower, and had more exciting valve timing for better performance.

The allure of these semi-sporting Delage cars – their maximum speed was around 70 mph or a trifle more, depending on the model – was enhanced for sportsmen and their women because all this time Louis Delage had been continuing with his love of motor racing. The cars carrying his oval blue badge were competing in Grands Prix races, the F1 events of their day, in the most advanced and exciting forms. By 1926/27, in fact, the 1½-litre straight-eight-cylinder racing Delage cars, very low hung, with exceedingly complicated supercharged engines designed by the talanted engineer Monsieur Lory, were vanquishing the opposition provided by Talbot and Bugatti, to become the Champions of the World. Their watch-like power-units, mildly boosted to some 7lb per square inch poked out some 170 bhp, and they would run up to 8,000 rpm. Initially there were problems with the exhaust system roasting the feet of their luckless drivers, but this was quickly rectified (obviating the need for bowls of cold water in the pits, in which the aces, having leapt from behind the wheel, dunked their blistered feet!). Driven by men like Benoist, Wagner, Divo, Boulier and Senechal, these little blue Delages carried all before them.

In fact, ten years later, the great British driver Dick Seaman, fed up with the ERA he had bought, got hold of one of these now aged 1½-litre GP Delage cars, and beat the pick of the modern *voiturette* racing cars, the factory ERAs included, in race after race. Moreover, it was not only in Grand Prix road racing that Louis Delage excelled. He built, in the early 1920's, a number of sprint or hill-climb racers which were almost equally invincible. One of these was the 1922/23 giant V12 Delage of no less than 10,688 cc, which numbers among its honours – for it still exists – the Land Speed Record (at 143.31 mph at Arpajon, a closed public road near Paris, in 1924). It also beat the Gaillion hill-climb record in 1925, and then, coming to England, enjoyed a long and highly successful career at Brooklands, in the hands of drivers like John Cobb, Oliver Bertram and little Kay Petre for whom the pedals had to be extended so that her feet could reach them. In the same idio, Delage built two smaller, outwardly similar, sprint racing cars, of between 5.1-litres and 6-litres engine size, with twin-cam and more simple pushrod valve gear. The *Torpilles* – or Torpedoes – were masters of Mont Ventoux, La Turbi and other important hill-climbs, before they too came to Brooklands, one of them still being raced today by owner Nigel Arnold-Forster.

On the production-car front, from 1926 until 1930, Delage went from strength to strength, with his beautiful 3-litre DM, DMS, and *Grand Sport* models. The later versions of this group heralded Delage's policy of having only six-cylinder cars in his catalogues. The DMS Delage was not only an 85 mph motor-car but an exceedingly handsome one, especially when dressed in Vanden Plas open sports bodywork, like the British Bentleys, or given Weymann-licence Van Vooren saloon coachwork. I am not saying they were able to see-off a 4½-litre Bentley or even live with one, but they were known to be charming, virtually indestructable cars.

It was, however, at the end of what we now term the 'vintage period', that even more magnificent Delages appeared in Britain. These were the long-bonneted straight-eight-cylinder cars, the personification of French elegance and luxury. These 'eight-pot' Delages came in various models, with different wheelbase lengths, under a common D8 heading. The ultimate in such perfection was the splendid D8-SS100. It used the same engine, of just over 4-litres, as the other models but it was considerably 'souped up', and could exceed 100 mph. In its day the chassis sold for £975, ready for the most delectable bodies by Chapron, Figoni, Falaschi or other craftsmen of that breed. The Delage was then, able to take its place with pride in those *Concours d'Elegance* the French liked to hold at Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo etc, with charming girls wearing the latest Paris fashions off-setting the beauty of the cars.

Perhaps all this rather went to the head of old Louis Delage, because his subsequent models tended towards the 'flashy'. Four chromed external exhaust pipes aped ineffectively a 38/250 Mercedes-Benz on the larger-engined and heavier D8-120 of 1937. The peak of Delage fame and fortune was probably the D8-SS100 numbering among its owners, it is said, the Shah of Persia. With a coupé-de-ville body, enormous Stephen Grebel headlamps, ventilator doors in the sides of the long bonnet, and Dewandre vacuum-servo brakes, this was the French *grande routiere* at its very best.

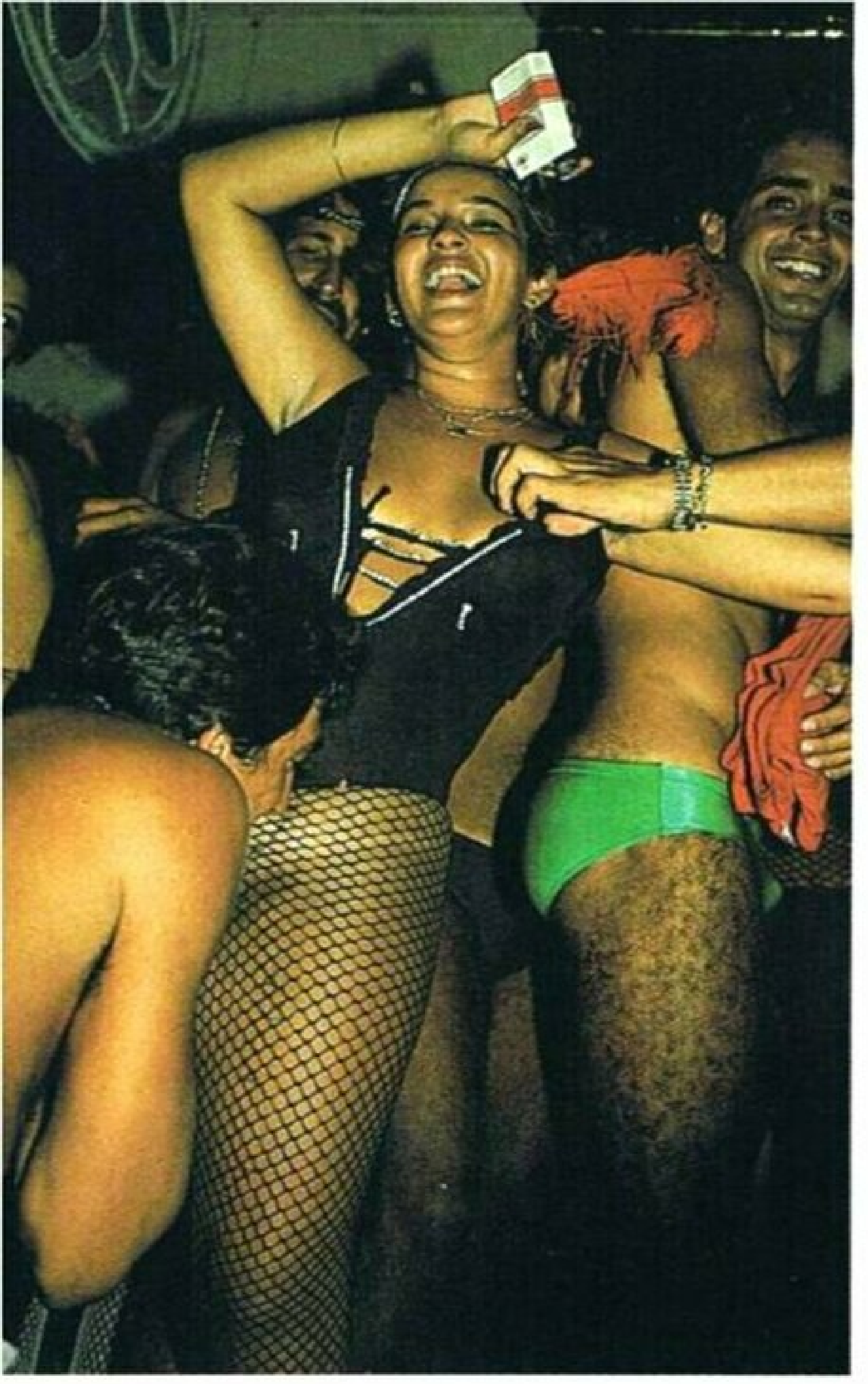
'We can't, Rodney, not under a No Entry sign.'

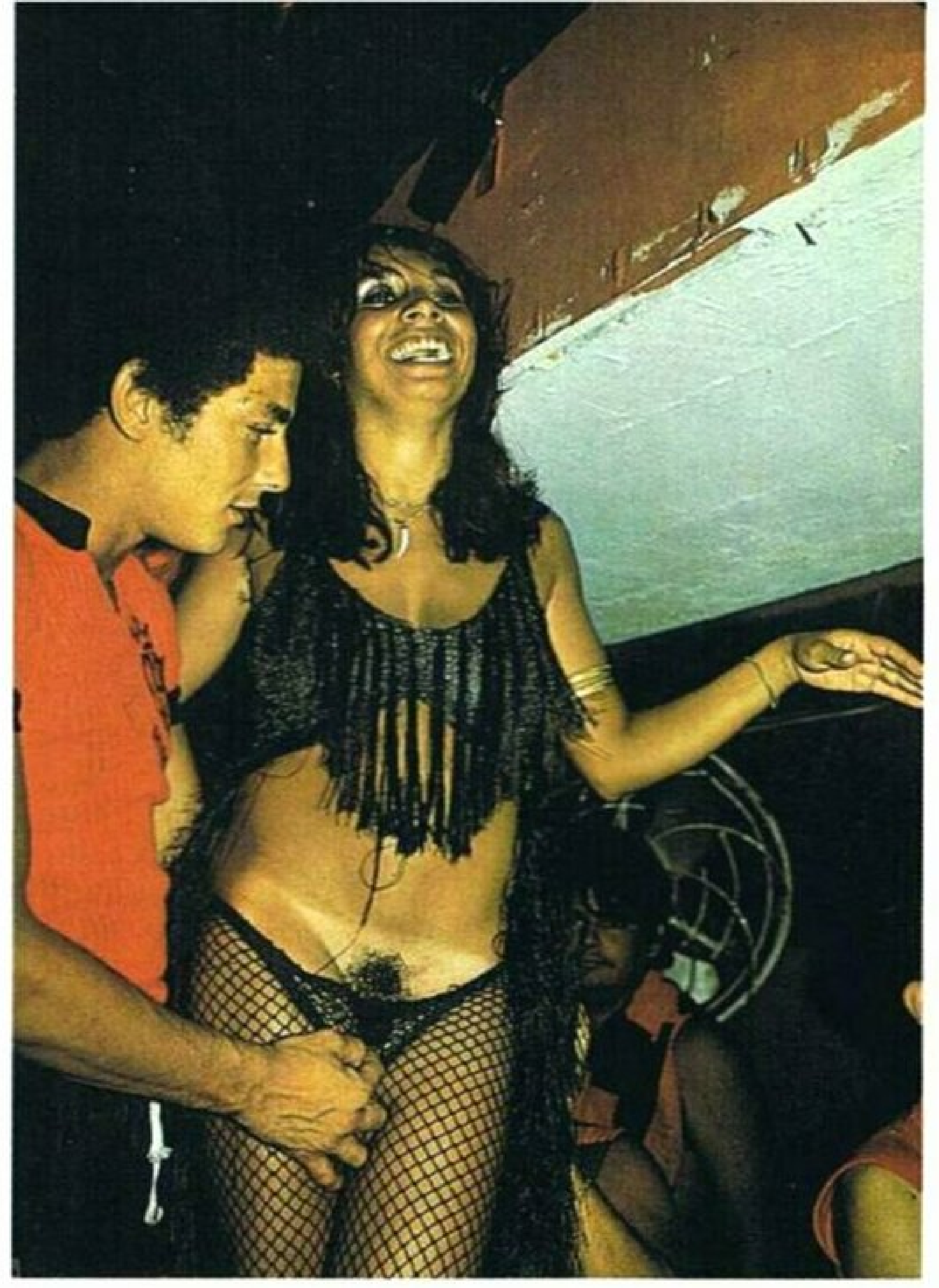
RIO:

THE CARNAL CARNIVAL

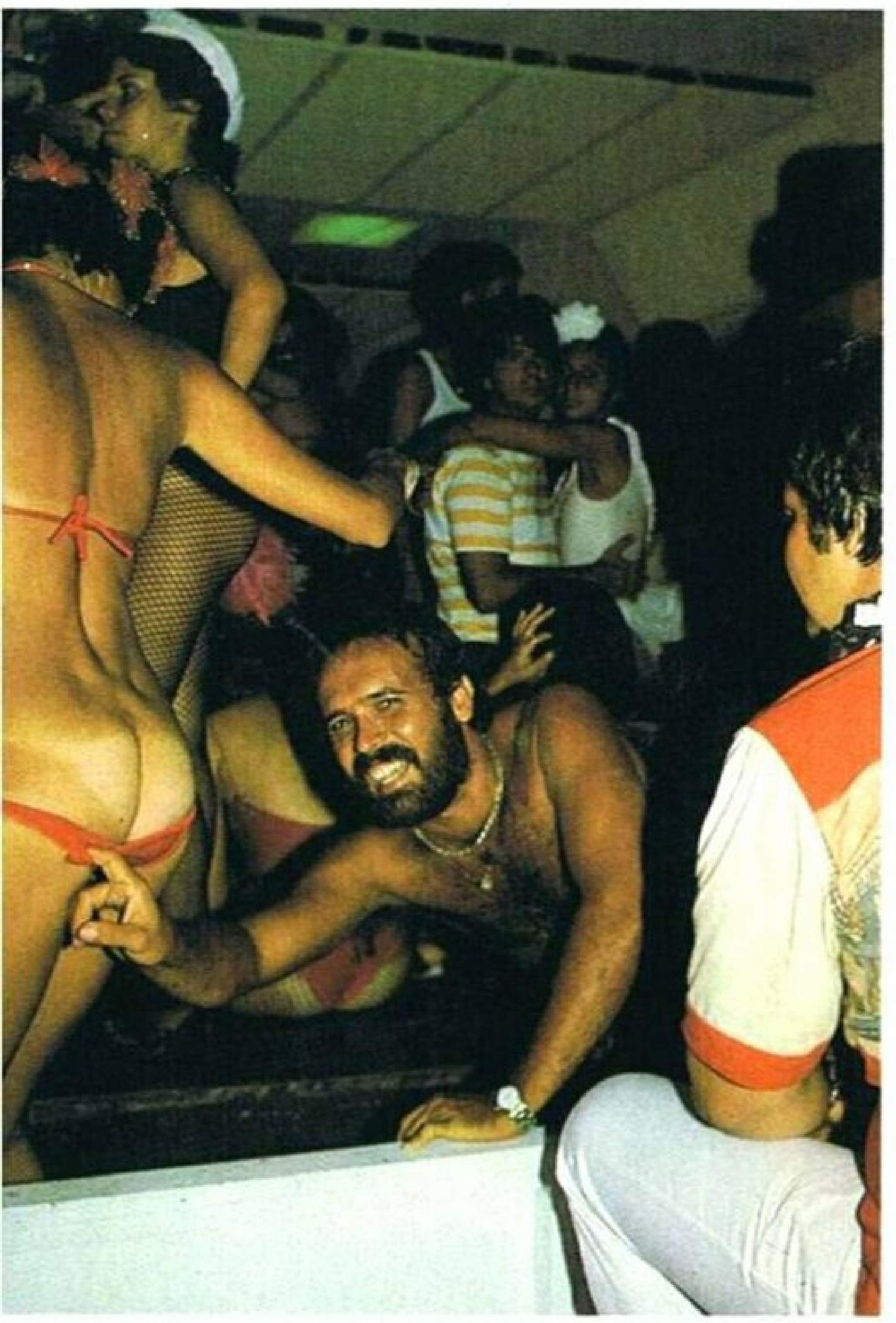
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONY FREITAS

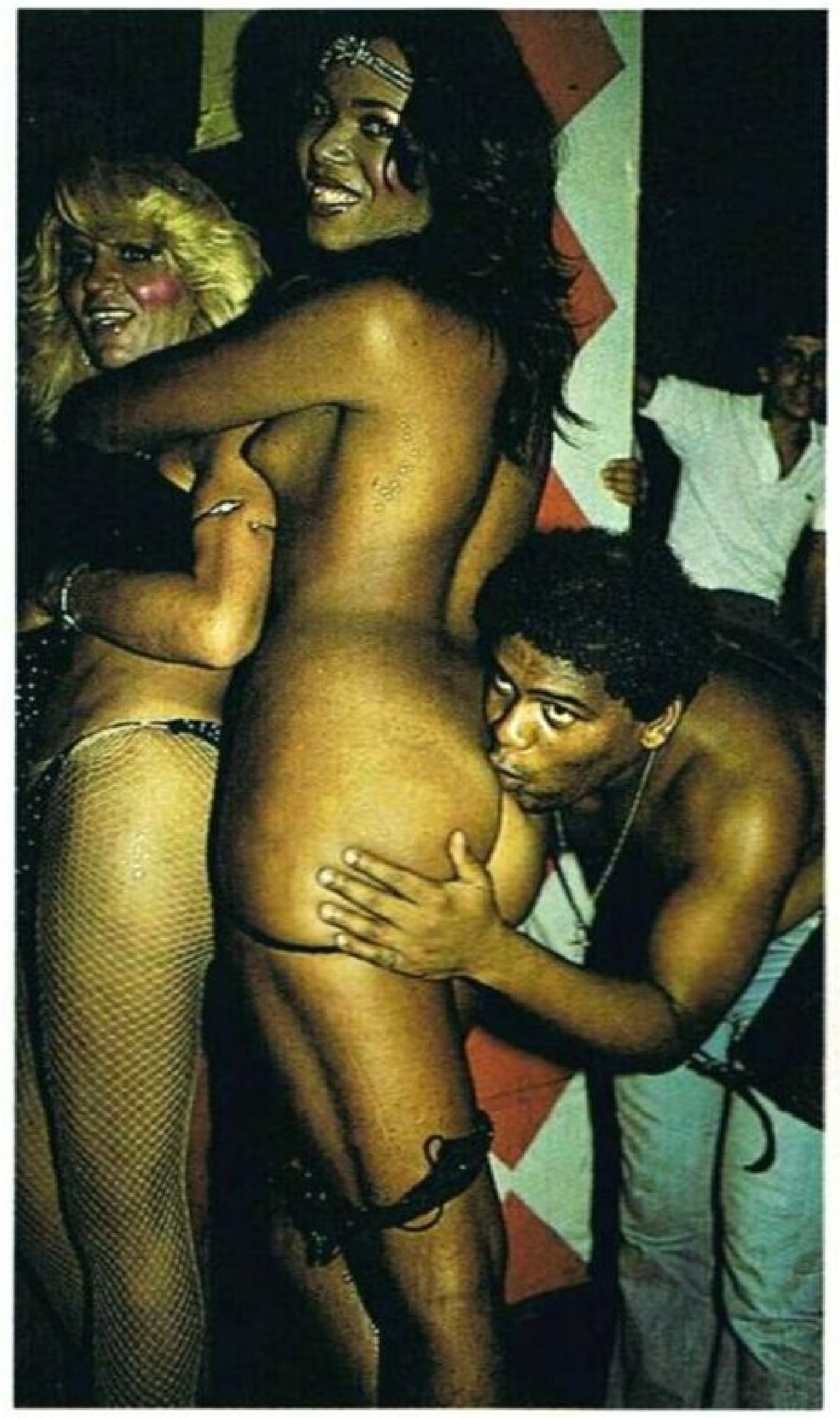
For four days every year, the five million inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro indulge in an orgy of drink, dance and sex. It's the Carnival of Mardi Gras, and rich or poor, black or white, the Brazilian citizens dress themselves up in exotic, colourful costumes for 96 hours of excess. Anything goes. Nudity is common-place, and sex takes place openly on the streets; music and dance are everywhere. It is an astonishing spectacle, attracting many photographers, from all over the world,

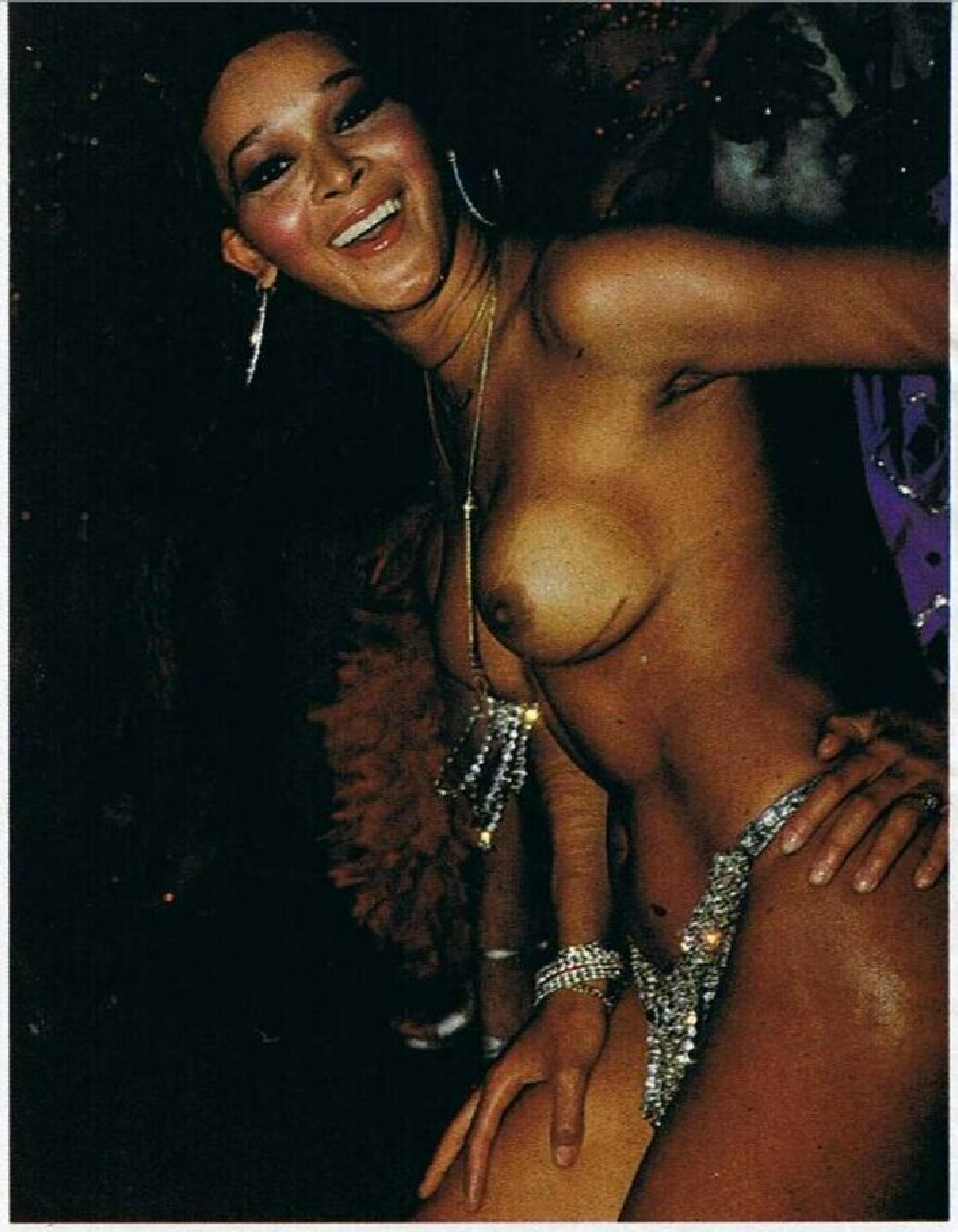


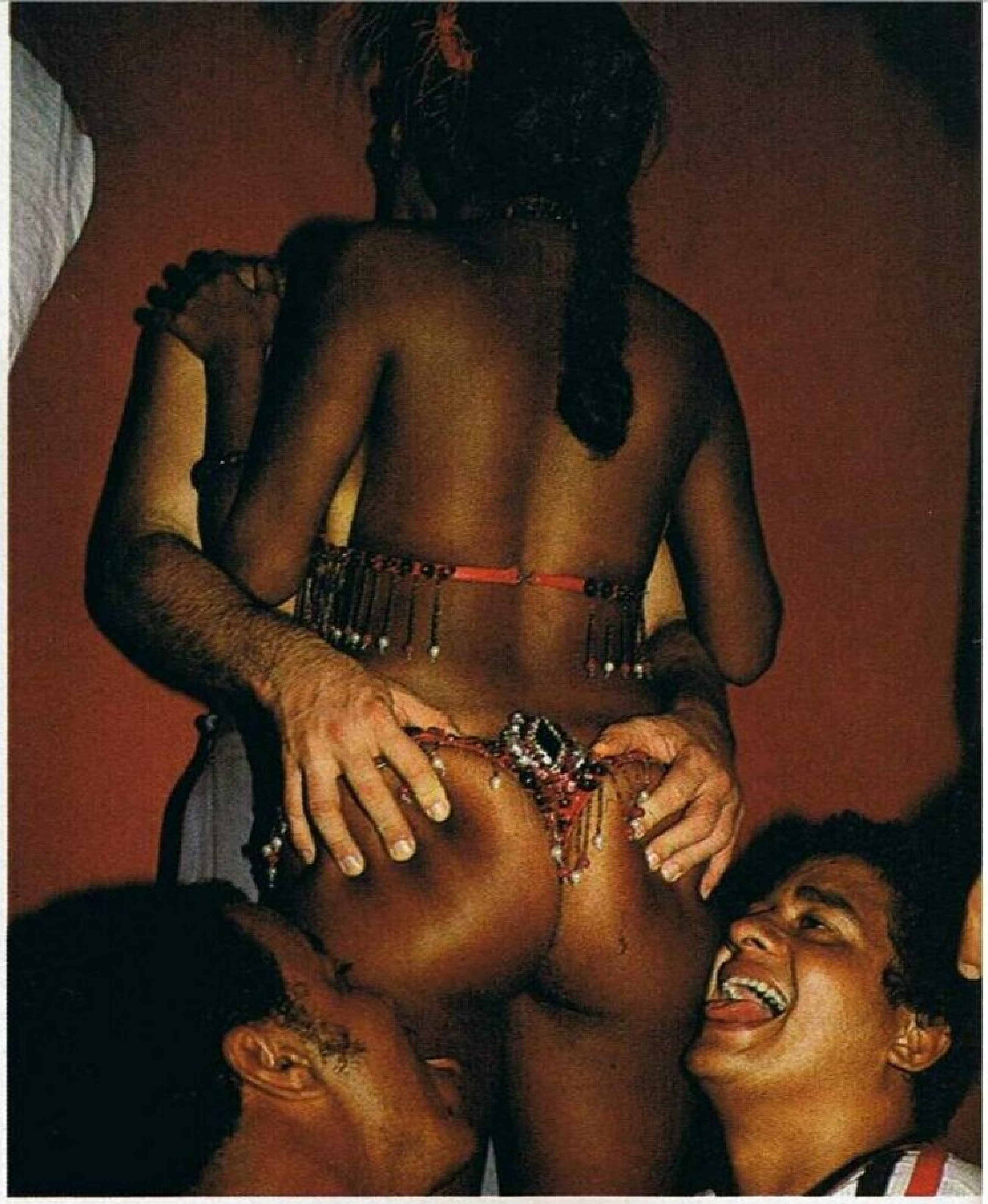


city that normally averages 250 murders a month, this is not quite as alarming as it sounds. Most injuries, it is said, are due to drunk driving, overdoses and fights amongst jealous participants. Preparations for the hysteria and massive influx of people that carnival produces are quite spectacular too. This year the government built a samba area for the dancers costing $1,000,000. Designed by Oscar Newmeyer, who was the architect of Brazil's modern city, Brazilia, it can hold an audience of 100,000, and has 665 yards of steel stands to restrain them. But to cover the cost of this massive building, entry fees are high, and the majority still prefer to enjoy the free show on the streets. Besides, it is far better to take part than to watch. For everything and everyone can be touched in this erotic feast – if only for just the four days.

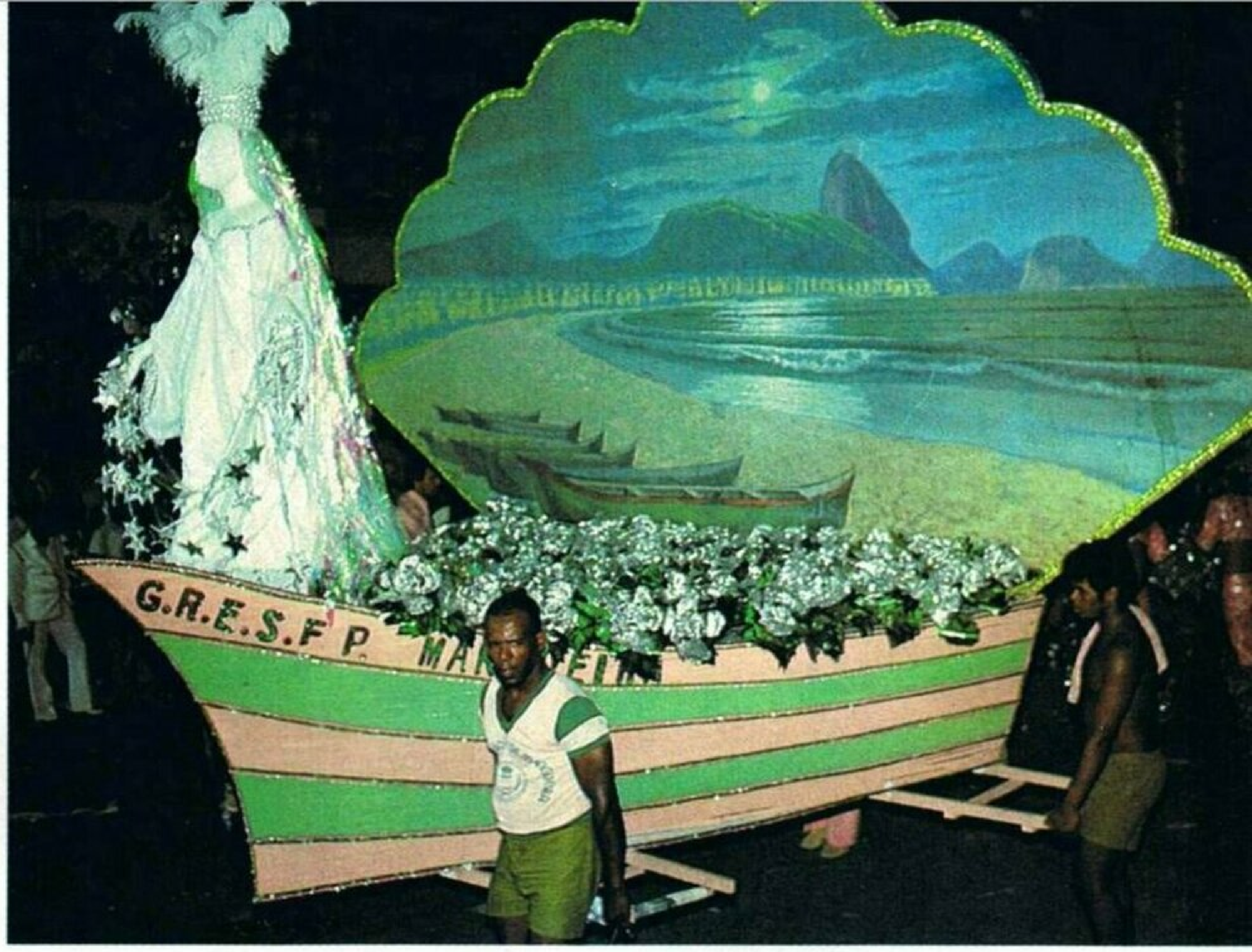


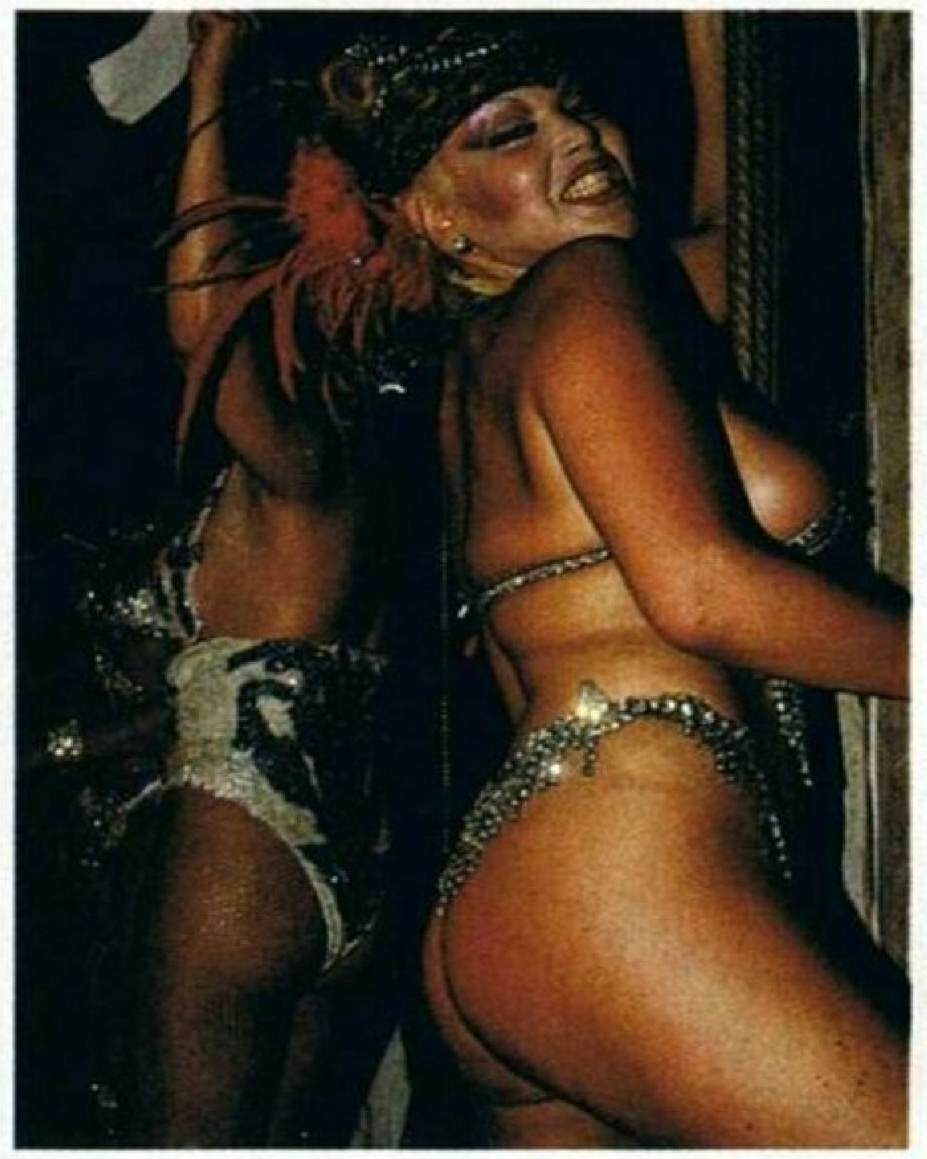






and we were offered no fewer than three sets of shots of the festivities. Many of the pictures were just too explicit to show here. Scenes of young couples carried away by carnival spirit, and copulating in front of everyone may be common at Mardi Gras in Brazil, but sadly cannot be published in more abashed Britain. But legal restrictions aside, we have done our best to present shots which we feel best reflect the flamboyance of the carnival. Not only the action is hot. Temperatures in Brazil during March, the month of the carnival, are up to 95°F. The result is that *cervejas*, the local beer, and *cachaca*, alcohol from sugar cane, flows throughout the four days. In fact, the celebrants drink more in this period than anyone else anywhere in the world. Naturally, this exuberance can also lead to problems. In just two days of partying in Rio, no fewer than 186 people were reported dead, and 23,580 people hospitalised. But in a





EVVA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Events in Poland over the last couple of years have acquainted us with quite a number of its countrymen. Some have even become household names. But few can say that they have turned as many heads as 20-year-old Evva Kawintzca. Evva's distinctive surname, and 37-26-36 figure, make her a memorable lady in Chelsea where she now lives in a flat near the fashionable Kings Road. 'I owe my name to my grandfather,' she told us. 'He came from a small town near the city of Lodz, and was a Colonel in the Polish Army.'

Although Evva has never been to Poland herself, she takes an interest in the country's affairs, and is a keen observer of the progress of Solidarity. An intelligent girl with nine 'O' levels and three 'A' levels, she is currently thinking of going to university. 'I didn't want to when I was younger,' she said. 'At 18, I just wanted to have fun, drinking, dancing and dating.' Not that Evva has changed much in that respect. '"Evva-Ready", that's what my friends all call me,' she joked.

As well as the 'three Ds', Evva's other great love is her Persian cat, Vodka. 'He's lovely to curl up with when I'm feeling lonely,' she said. 'Not that that is very often.' Evva is also a dab hand at cookery, and knows one or two Polish dishes. 'I could set up the first Polish take-away!' she suggested laughing.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

The best sexual experience is often the most selfish, when partners think only of personal satisfaction. This month Quest talks to three people who found this to be so, but at a price

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PERSONNEL OFFICER, 28 years old, brunette, town of origin Hastings

This interviewee studied modern languages at university before taking a variety of secretarial and translating jobs. She married at 22, and was divorced two years later. She now lives with her boyfriend, and works in the personnel department of a multinational company.

Quest: How would you define your attitude to sex?

Officer: Alright – now. It was a mess. I had every hang-up a young woman can have. A totally romanticised view of close relationships. Terrible guilt about anything sexual. I was a perfect sitting target.

Quest: For a seducer?

Officer: And the opposite, if that makes sense. Let me put it this way: when I got married in the white dress with all the trimmings I was entitled to wear it. I'd never been to bed with anyone, certainly not David, my ex-husband.

Quest: At the age of 22? But you'd been to university by then – surely you met men your own age there?

Officer: I *met* them, but I didn't go to bed with them. David and I were engaged before I went, and I was close enough to the campus to still live at home. You see, we both had very religious upbringings. David's father actually worked for the church. My parents were regular church-goers, not quite as keen as David's lot, but serious about it. Both were almost Victorian in their sexual attitudes. We even met at church, in fact. I think if my first boyfriend had been someone more normal I would have rebelled against my parents, and probably had quite a wild time at university. But meeting David sort of reinforced everything I'd always been taught.

Quest: You're saying you were repressed?

Officer: Oh, terribly. Everything was strictly hand-holding and chaste kisses – David and I discussed sex, and we decided it was best to leave making love until we were married. So many girls I knew at university were having dreadful problems with torrid affairs. I just felt quite smug about having sorted 'all that' out.

Quest: Had you sorted it out?

Officer: No, neither of us had. I had a hazy idea that making love would be wonderful and romantic. Really I was afraid, and David must have been worse than I was. I met an old college friend recently, and she told me they all just assumed I wasn't interested.

Quest: Were you?

Officer: Yes, of course I was! I just didn't acknowledge those feelings as being me, somehow. When I think back it's almost funny the kind of games I played with myself.

Quest: Can you explain?

Officer: I knew you'd ask that. How can I tell this to a man?

Quest: Tell it to the tape recorder.

Officer: Hmmm. I used to get what I called my 'prickly feelings'. It was a sort of tickling sensation in my tummy and between my legs. I'd stop it by sitting down – generally on the loo where it was private, and I wasn't wearing my knickers – putting my hands together between my legs, and squeezing them as tightly as I could with my thighs until the feeling went away.

Quest: In other words you masturbated. What did you think about while you were doing it?

Officer: Quite a lot about making love. Not especially with David, though, which should have told me something. But men I saw on TV or in magazines – fantasy figures.

Quest: And that didn't help you when you did marry?

Officer: No! Oh dear, honeymoons are supposed to be disasters, but our wedding night set the tone for the marriage.

Quest: It wasn't very erotic?

Officer: Hardly. To cut a long story short I'd never been horse riding as a teenager or played any rough games to give nature a helping hand. I had what you might call a tough cherry. In the end it needed a very minor surgical procedure to smooth the way, as it were. But neither of us had enough courage to go to the GP about it for nearly three months. So that knocked dewy-eyed romance on the head.

Quest: Your ex-husband didn't satisfy you sexually?

Officer: Basically he came too quickly and I didn't come at all. Funnily enough I don't regard that as a disaster in itself. I know plenty of women who very rarely have climaxes but they really enjoy the closeness and tenderness of sex. The trouble with David and I was we never got to that sexual tenderness. It was always short and sharp. The times I wanted David to touch me and *explore* me, but I never said a word. What made it worse was that I realised what had been happening when I touched myself. It got to the point where I was willing David to ejaculate in me so that I could rush off to the bathroom where I could bring myself off properly.

Quest: So you felt ripe for seduction?

Officer: Oh I'm sure, but I didn't know that at the time.

Quest: How did it happen?

Officer: We lived close to the campus, and I still kept up with friends at university. One especially was a research graduate called Alec. He was about 30, quite good-looking, very relaxed, confident in an easy-going way – much more so than men my own age. David loathed him. I suppose he had reason. He saw something I didn't.

Quest: That you were attracted to each other?

Officer: I just thought I enjoyed Alec's company, and that I could give him some help with his project.

Quest: You don't believe that now?

Officer: There was a very strong sexual attraction at the time that was really what I needed.

Quest: When did you find this out?

Officer: It was when the marriage had reached about its lowest ebb. David and I hadn't even tried to make love for over six months. Alec rang us up about a party where several of my old girlfriends were turning up, so I was very keen to go. David phoned up to say he had to work late. I think he really expected me not to go. But then Alec arrived to pick us up, and I let him persuade me to go along anyway.

> ‘Alec was what I needed, so I accepted his offer of a ride. But it was me who put a hand on his zip.’

Quest: How did you get along at the party?

Officer: I hardly saw him once we got there. I was chattering away to my friends. I remember the incredible relief I felt doing that. No David to feel guilty about beside me all the time. That was why I drank much more than I did normally. But I'm not trying to blame the drink for what happened. Alec and I knew exactly what we were doing.

Quest: What was that?

Officer: We left about two, and it was such a warm, balmy night we decided to drive the pretty way back to my flat which eventually involved driving right onto the top of the downs.

Quest: Did you suspect anything?

Officer: If I did I didn't let myself think about it. I was just so glad to be able to laugh. Then we pulled off the road up a track, and parked.

Quest: For any special reason?

Officer: To look at the stars! We were talking about our star signs, and Alec wanted to show me Scorpio which is mine. I found out later you can't see it from Britain, but never mind. We opened up the sun roof all the way back. Alec was pointing out what he did know. We were laughing, and then his arm was round me, and we were kissing.

Quest: What did you feel about that?

Officer: I felt it was lovely. He seemed a much better kisser than David. Then just as I thought of David waiting at home for me Alec pulled my hand down into his lap. And that was when I felt him.

Quest: His erection?

Officer: Not a bump in his trousers – the real thing. He'd unzipped himself. I thought I was touching his knee for a minute, it was so warm and hard. Then I realised.

Quest: What was your reaction?

Officer: Absolute disbelief. I mean, it's the kind of crude trick 16-year-olds pull. I just couldn't fit it into my mind alongside the Alec I thought I knew. I asked him what he thought he was doing. He said quite calmly that he thought I had a problem he might be able to help with. I laughed. 'Where on earth you got an idea like that,' I said. 'I've given you no indication that I wanted anything like that.' 'Then why haven't you taken your hand away?' he said. And I suddenly realised that I hadn't!

Quest: Were you alarmed by any of this?

Officer: I was alarmed at my own reaction. And confused. I hadn't recoiled in disgust. I did let him go then. But he was someone I liked very much, and he obviously found me attractive or he couldn't have got like that. What I really couldn't understand was how he'd ever thought I'd respond to this kind of approach. I must have done something to make him think like this. And if I'd done it without realising it it must be what I wanted, deep down.

Quest: In other words you didn't stop him?

Officer: He started talking very softly about how if two people had the right feelings about each other then what they did together would always be alright. And all the time he was kissing my neck and my face and the lobes of my ears, and stroking me through my blouse.

Quest: Did you believe what he said?

Officer: No, not really. I remember having the idea that I would just let him go on until he'd finished then I could tell him what rubbish it all was, and how wrong. But of course that was just my excuse. I was thinking, 'Kissing's alright. A kiss is harmless really.' Then his fingers brushed over the tips of my nipples. I hadn't even noticed him unbuttoning my blouse. It was like a splash in the face with icy water. It was such an incredible intimate thing to do, a kind of violation. But I'd let him, and if I let him do that there really wasn't any reason to stop him doing anything. Then he unclipped me, and my breasts were just rolling in his hands, and he was kissing and licking them, and tweaking the nipples. I heard myself saying, 'No Alec, please, it's not right, we shouldn't' – And then he was leaning right over me, his breath was on my neck, and I was holding him, and his thing, pulling it and jerking it enough to tear it off. Then we did it.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Officer: Across Alec's front seats – not the

most comfortable place in the world. But I didn't care. I expected to feel cheap and nasty and degraded. But I didn't. I felt whole for the first time.

Quest: Did you repeat it?

Officer: Oh yes. Alec and I would agree to meet and talk the situation out, and we'd end up in bed, always. Unfortunately sexual wholeness and complete wholeness, if you see what I mean, aren't necessarily the same thing. As I found out when David and I broke up and I moved in with Alec.

Quest: So liberating sex with Alec didn't last?

Officer: Not really. Unfortunately Alec had a habit of sharing the right feelings with a couple of other lady friends. But I'm not knocking the experience of a deeply sexual relationship. It's one of the most intense things that can happen to you, and it did me a power of good. Just don't expect it to be everything.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

EXECUTIVE, 34 years old, town of origin Cardiff

This male interviewee trained as a draughtsman after leaving school, and later joined a large civil engineering company as an executive trainee. He is now a middle management executive in sales and marketing. He married nine years ago and has two children.

Quest: Are you faithful to your wife?

Executive: I love my wife – and my family. They're very important to me.

Quest: That's not really what I asked.

Executive: Alright. Emotionally I've been totally faithful. Physically, a bit less so. I've had sex with other women, but I've never made, or wanted to make, any kind of emotional commitment. I've always stressed that very early on.

Quest: And your sexual partners have accepted that?

Executive: Ah! They've always *said* they accepted it. But I think most women have a very complicated attitude to sex. In my experience they have just as big a sex drive as men, bigger sometimes. But it tends to get mixed up very quickly with other sorts of drives, like looking for emotional security. And once you begin to screw a woman regularly, and you both enjoy it, it's very difficult to avoid all that. That's no way to conduct a casual affair.

Quest: When did you first work this out?

Executive: After I got married unfortunately. Unfortunate in the sense that I didn't really give myself a chance beforehand. Sylvia, my wife, was the first girl I had a complete relationship with. Before her the few screws I had were snatched and generally unsatisfactory, for everyone.

Quest: How did your first extra-marital affair come about?

Executive: Really by accident. I wasn't looking for an affair. Sylvia was six months pregnant with our first child, and she'd had some problems early in the pregnancy so we decided to cool it as far as sex was concerned. I suppose I had an excuse in that sense. I was actually seduced which had never happened to me before. I was at a sales conference in the Midlands, and I met a girl from our publicity department – a really gorgeous girl, all long blonde hair and long legs. I'd tried to get off with her about four years before, and got a very cold shoulder. But I suppose a bit of maturity – I assume – and impending fatherhood made me a bit more eligible. I thought she was being nice to me because I was the only company man there who was remotely close her own age.

Quest: But she wasn't?

Executive: The first evening a whole crowd of us were sitting around in the bar of the hotel, and gradually they all pushed off, and I found myself alone with Helen. I hadn't planned it, and I don't think she had either. We started talking for some reason about bath soap. Helen said she'd forgotten to pack some, and the hotel soap was awful. Could she borrow mine until the morning because she was desperate for a shower?

> ‘She waltzed past me in just a towel, then stood in the shower. Come scrub my back, she demanded’

Quest: You didn't regard that as any kind of invitation?

Executive: I thought she was making an excuse to get away. We went up to my room, and while I was rummaging around in the bathroom for an extra bar she was in the bedroom. I went back with the soap, and she was in her bra and pants. 'Oh you could have left it there,' she said. 'I'll be in in a minute.' And before I could take a breath she gave me a big smile, unclipped her bra, dropped it on the bed, and waltzed past me in her bare feet. Then she paused halfway through the bathroom door. 'Why don't you come under too?' she said.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Executive: Well, how many invitations do you get like that? I couldn't get my pants off fast enough.

Quest: No pangs of conscience?

Executive: Oh *I* had plenty, but my cock didn't give it a thought. She had the most sensational body – very long and lean, quite a boyish bum and wide shoulders, but the most superb breasts, small, perfectly shaped with thick red nipples, and a beautiful honey tan to her figure. Physically she was the complete opposite to Sylvia, who's short and dark and quite bosomy, but in a way that made it even more exciting. So I stripped off and wrapped a towel around myself.

Quest: I assume you got in with her?

Executive: When she saw me she turned her back under the shower, and said, 'Would you like to soap my back for me?' I dropped my towel, and slipped in behind her. I couldn't move more than three or four inches without prodding her bum with a good six inches of solid dong. So I very carefully lathered up my hands, bent over and started to massage the soap into her shoulders.

Quest: You sound as if you were afraid to touch her with your erection?

Executive: Not afraid, just uncertain. I know it seems silly now but it was the first time I'd been in a sexual situation with a woman who wasn't my girlfriend or wife.

Quest: So you obediently went on soaping her naked body?

Executive: Obediently, yes, but in a sweet agony, especially when she started ooing and aahing, and telling me what a lovely touch I had, and how I should really massage a girlfriend of hers. Then she started stretching, and sticking her bum out, and there was no way I could stop my cock bumping against her, though she seemed not to notice. I was soaping well down her back, onto her bum, and virtually weighing each cheek in my hand. So I moved my hands up again, massaging all the way, and gradually brought them round the sides of her breasts, then over each curve – they were so firm they felt like pomegranates – and finally onto the thick stalks of her nipples.

Quest: She made no objection to this?

Executive: When I touched her breasts she went very still and tense – I could just hear her breathing – but the moment I rubbed soap over her nipples she suddenly twisted round very quickly almost knocking me over. 'Do the front now,' she said. No request. No argument.

Quest: Did you?

Executive: I don't know how I held back for as long as I did. She leaned back so that her shoulders touched the tiles, then stayed like that, quite stiff with her arms by her sides, her eyes closed, and water streaming down her body. I started at her neck, lathered down her cleavage onto each breast, rolling each fleshy globe in my palms, bending and kissing the tip of each stiff nipple. Then down into her belly button, the smooth curve of her tummy, and finally into the hairs of her mound – very dark blonde, she was, and quite thickly haired for a blonde.

Quest: What reaction did this have?

Executive: Almost none until I began to massage between her thighs with what was left of the soap. She started to breathe more heavily then, sucking in her tummy and shuddering, squeezing her legs together over my hand, and trapping it. In the end her pubic hair had virtually disappeared in lather, and I was rubbing the soap backwards and forwards between the swollen lips of her pussy, nudging her clitoris. She actually reached down, and pressed her hand over mine – I was

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afraid for a second she wanted me to shove the soap up her. But then she let out this low moan, and arched her back, and suddenly grunted and nearly slumped down. I had to drop the soap, and hold her up. She'd obviously had a fairly spectacular climax. I could see red blotches all over her neck and along the tops of her breasts. All of a sudden she seemed to wake up. Without a word she dropped onto her knees in front of me, scooped my balls, and pulled my shaft towards her mouth. I had to shout at her to stop – one lick and I'd have sprayed the bathroom. 'Let's lie down,' I said. 'Let's go next door.' 'No,' she said, getting up. 'No, I've always wanted to do it in the wet. Do it now. Do me now.' So that's what we did. She put her arms round my neck. I wanted to lift her under the bum but I'd never have managed on the wet floor so she balanced on one leg while I leaned between her thighs, and manoeuvred my cock into her. Heavy humping was impossible in that position but it was just as well. The pressure on my cock was enormous, and I went off like a firecracker. She grunted as I came but she seemed to get as much satisfaction out of my pleasure.

> 'I was soaping her bottom, weighing each cheek in my hands, then slid around to massage her big breasts'

Quest: Was that the end of the relationship?

Executive: It had been so much pure sex I thought it must be. Helen went back to her own room almost straight afterwards. She left me still drying myself. It was only a two-day conference, and I hardly saw her the next day. Then about two months later she turned up suddenly at head office where I worked, and announced she was joining us. I decided to be just normally friendly, and ignore what had happened. People do let their hair down at conferences. Then one day she asked me out to lunch.

Quest: Why?

Executive: She told me she wanted to thank me for not making an issue of what had happened. She said she'd just broken up with a man she was living with, and she'd been acting a little bizarrely. But she was alright now. Then she asked me to pop by her flat on the way home for a drink because she wanted my advice.

Quest: And sex?

Executive: I told myself it wouldn't be like that. But of course it was. She was in her dressing gown when I got there, with nothing underneath. We went straight into the bedroom and fucked. Afterwards she said that we were both very good together in bed – which was true – that she didn't want another close relationship for a while but she needed good sex. So what was the harm in meeting occasionally just for that? After that it was two or three times a month for about a year.

Quest: You accepted her argument?

Executive: Not completely, but I don't think it was entirely selfish on my part either. I felt better for it, and my sex life with Sylvia pepped up. I'm sure it's one reason why a lot of women do tolerate their husband's infidelity as long as it isn't blatant.

Quest: What happened with Helen?

Executive: She was always quite adventurous sexually, very eager to try anything new. And she started quizzing me about Sylvia – how we did it together, what turned Sylvia on especially. At first I quite enjoyed it in a kinky sort of way: she even had me putting her in the screwing positions Sylvia liked best. She used to wish she could watch Sylvia and I making love, perhaps even join in, which quite turned me on as a fantasy. Then Sylvia turned up at one of the firm's big social do's – I think it was around Christmas – and Helen was there too. And she monopolised Sylvia. That's the only way I can describe it. Afterwards Sylvia said to me, 'Helen is awfully sweet, isn't she? But she'a a bit clingy. She's not gay, is she?' I was so flabbergasted I had a row about it the next time I saw Helen. 'I was just trying to sound Sylvia out,' she said. 'You do want to have us both together, don't you?' I blew my stack.

Quest: You thought that the idea was too outrageous?

Executive: I didn't believe it, not for a second. She knew Sylvia almost as well as I did from what I'd told her and must have realised she wouldn't stand for it. Helen was playing games again. So I told her I thought we ought to cool it for a while. And that's when it all blew up. She cut me dead in the office, and bombarded me with letters and phone calls at home. In the end she wrote to Sylvia, and that was the end as far as I was concerned.

Quest: But you've had affairs since?

Executive: No, I've had screws, but that's all – always away from home, and always with women who know the score. And never more than one or two nights at a time. You see, purely sexual relationships are possible – and useful – but the rules are harder, if anything, than for complete relationships, including marriage.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

GALLERY MANAGER, 35 years old, brunette, town of origin Chester

This interviewee studied fine art, and worked in a number of galleries and commercial art studios before marrying at the age of 25. She now co-manages a small, exclusive gallery owned by a friend.

Quest: To be honest I find the thought of a woman like yourself making love against the wall of an alley – and quite a public one at that – fairly remarkable.

Manager: Only fairly? Oh, I am disappointed. I thought I'd succeeded in shocking a hardened researcher.

Quest: That kind of act suggests a kind of sudden, overpowering need for sex. Was that true?

Manager: Yes, more or less.

Quest: Do you often have this need to have instant sex?

Manager: I think everyone does, don't they? Most of the women I know do. But you can't go around instantly indulging every whim.

Quest: But why did that not bother you this time?

Manager: All sorts of reasons. I was very fed up with my husband, there was the opportunity, I was a little the worse for wine, I wanted to teach someone a lesson. Basically I just wanted a screw.

Quest: Has this happened very often before?

Manager: Wanting a screw? Oh, more times than I care to remember! If you mean, have I done anything about it? No, not really. I mean, there were a few one-night stands before I married, but they were usually with people I knew quite well. The going to bed was an extension of a romance or a friendship. There was only one man where sex was anything like instant.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Manager: He came into a gallery where I worked a couple of times, and I was very strongly attracted to him, physically I mean.

> ‘I needed instant sex so I stayed at his house. No one mentioned the sofa so I got in bed with him’

He was an artist and eventually we took some of his work. I decided he had this marvellous sensitive soul that was perfectly in tune with mine. Needless to say, I didn't really know him at all. Then one weekend I found out about a party he was going to near the village where he lived – somewhere in East Anglia – and I wangled an invite. And more or less threw myself at him.

Quest: You tried to seduce him?

Manager: I made it clear that I wouldn't mind. I also persuaded him to put me up at his cottage overnight because of the distance I had to go home, and my car playing up. All total bunkum. He only has a bedroom and one double bed. No one mentioned anything about anyone curling up on the sofa. We just undressed, and climbed into bed, and he screwed me.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Manager: No, not really. He had a beautiful body, even better than I'd anticipated. But I wanted him to go wild with longing for me, and he acted as if fucking me was just that, a simple fuck. Very enjoyable, but that was all. I think he only did it because he thought it would help him at the gallery. I found out later he even had about three ex-wives in tow. So there was no room for me.

Quest: So you weren't prepared to enjoy sex simply for your own satisfaction, selfishly, as it were?

Manager: No. I realise now that was quite hypocritical. I got everything I wanted physically, and once I knew the artist better that's all I wanted. But I was only 21 then anyway.

Quest: How old was he then, with three ex-wives?

Manager: Around 41, 42. I do tend to go for the mature type. Ronnie was 14 years older

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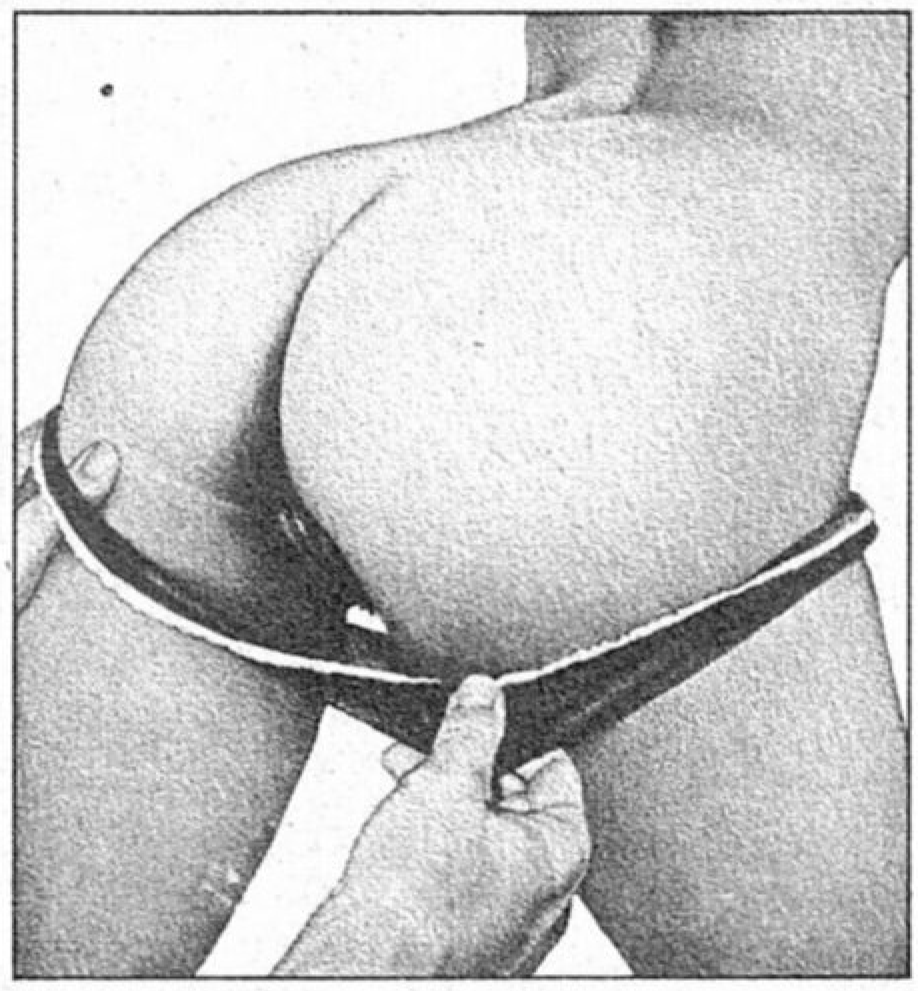


than me when we married.

Quest: And that relationship at least started by satisfying you in every way?

Manager: Oh, absolutely. That *was* instant sex, except that it carried on. I met Ronnie at a Christmas party at a studio where I worked very briefly. He was a local businessman, one of the clients. He was quite interested in art but had no training, and very unlike anyone else I'd been out with. There was just an instant rapport. I went home with him that night, and we got straight into bed. I'd moved in with him within a fortnight. It sounds so grandiose but Ronnie showed me how much genuine pleasure sex could give in a loving relationship. It was ironical, really, the way we ended up.

Quest: How do you mean?

Manager: Ronnie was separated from his wife, and I met her just before his divorce came through. She told me, 'Oh yes, Ronnie's a pet while everything's going his way. But you just wait until the problems start'. I assumed she was being bitter, and took no notice. Then things did start to go bad – mainly in his business. I didn't mind tightening my belt if it was necessary, but Ronnie took it very personally. I suddenly realised I was living with a different man. Someone tetchy and snide and nit-picking. And, worst of all, jealous – which he'd never been like before.

Quest: What about your sex life?

Manager: There wasn't one. It got to the point where I was practically begging him to take me, and he wouldn't. It was absolutely awful.

Quest: Did he have any cause for jealousy?

Manager: I was working in my present gallery then, and it was a fairly glamorous world, but that was only superficial. Ronnie had a particular loathing for a man I knew called Ian. Ian was a sort of character you see a lot of in the art world. Someone with money, not a lot, but enough to buy the odd picture, so that gave him an 'in'. You couldn't actually be rude to him, and he knew that.

Quest: You wanted to be?

Manager: Oh he was the worst kind of smoothie. A very good-looking man who traded on it ruthlessly. He only used to turn up at our shows to pick up girls. It made me quite angry to see him in action. It was so calculated, so utterly predictable.

Quest: How did he react to you?

Manager: I had the same line as everybody else, only he pushed it further. He had a thing about my cleavage. My bust is one of my best assets, and I dress accordingly. I don't mean I leave my boobs hanging out, but I don't pretend they aren't there. Ian was a breast man, and he'd find any excuse to leer at them or even try and touch me. I resented that.

Quest: Yet despite all that you let him make love to you.

Manager: No, that isn't true. I let him fuck me. I fucked *him*, to be honest.

Quest: How did that happen?

Manager: Ronnie and I were going through one of our worst times. We'd actually had a fight in bed one night – a wrestling match – about our non-existent sex life. Then a couple of days after we had a very important show at work – an artist we'd been after for years. We expected to sell a lot to one particular client, and I dressed to kill. A very sheer, clinging, floor-length gown, virtually backless with a halter neck top. I couldn't wear a bra with it, and it was obvious I couldn't. To be honest I was actually feeling quite reckless.

> ‘I rubbed hard at his front as he pinned me to the wall. I wanted sex there in the alley’

Quest: Did you expect to see Ian?

Manager: I honestly didn't think of him until he appeared. But I was upstaged anyway. The client we wanted to impress had brought along his daughter who was about 17, blue-eyed, blonde with a chest you could serve dinner on. And Ian made a beeline. In the end Patrick, who owns the gallery, whispered to me, 'For God's sake, get rid of that awful man. He's old enough to be her father, and her old man is getting apoplectic.' So I went over, and tried to steer Ian away. And he wouldn't go. 'Oh, you'll have to make it worth my while,' he grinned, looking very obviously at my boobs. Finally I said, 'Alright, Ian, if you really want to see my boobs we better find somewhere private.' I think he still thought I was joking when I took him into Patrick's office.

Quest: You weren't?

Manager: Oh I was. I was determined to keep Ian out the way if it meant being chased round the office for an hour, which it did. There were intervals to down a bottle of wine, but they were brief.

Quest: And he was making serious propositions?

Manager: He was begging me to take my top off for a couple of minutes, or to let him slide his fingers inside. He was like a schoolboy. Then suddenly Patrick poked his head round the door. The show was over, everyone was going. Ian immediately chimed in, and said he'd take care of me. So that was how I found myself creeping down the alley behind the gallery with Ian's arm round me while he was saying why didn't we stop off for a drink at his place? All the guff I'd heard him churn out a million times before.

Quest: But you took it seriously now?

Manager: Oh no. Never that. It suddenly occurred to me that here he was being blatantly, cynically insincere to get his own pleasure. And here I was scurrying dutifully home to a husband who literally kicked me out of bed. The drink helped but I realised I was being stupid. So I stopped against a patch of wall – it was late now, and quite dark, but you could still see the odd car passing the street end of the alley. And I said to him, 'Alright. Let's do it here,' I said. 'I thought you wanted to. *I* want to. I don't usually have to ask twice.' I'd never seen him so flabbergasted. It was really quite hilarious. It was, 'Oh, do you think that's wise? This is a public place!' But I just put my arms round him, and squeezed his buttocks, pulled him against me, and leant back against the wall. Not even a very clean wall. He started kissing my neck and shoulders, and brought his hands up onto my breasts, but all the time he kept turning his head one way or the other to see if anyone was coming. He was getting more and more excited, especially by the feel of the bulge in his trousers.

Quest: Were you?

Manager: It's odd. I remember having an almost detached feeling. I felt I wanted just to be done, impaled up against the wall, and somehow I'd look down on Ian grunting and sweating and pumping away between my legs, and feel totally superior. But it wasn't quite like that. The moment he pulled my halter strap over my neck, and started fondling and kissing my bare breasts I sort of woke up to the fact that I was half naked, virtually in the open.

Quest: Did that panic you?

Manager: Yes, but not in a bad way. It turned me on enormously. Everything suddenly got very, very frantic, very demanding. I remember rubbing hard at Ian's fly, and helping him lift my gown, and yank down my knickers all at the same time. Then his trousers were sagging, and he was gripping me by the cheeks of my bottom, lifting me off the ground, pinning me almost naked to the wall. My fingers just brushed his erection, and he felt gigantic – so thick and fierce. All I wanted was him in me, moving, sliding deep, filling me. And with a rush that made me cry out, he was. It was so explosive I can't remember details. I know I was screaming at him, 'Fuck me! Fuck me!' and with that I came, and I felt him flooding me. My dress was saturated afterwards, totally ruined. Afterwards we were both a bit subdued. He dropped me off at home without hardly a word. I think he decided I was a little too much of a handful.

Quest: So you didn't repeat it?

Manager: Oh no. It was the result of a combination of circumstances that could never happen again. Ronnie's business is better now but I think he really is aware of the effect he has on people when he's down. Anyway, we're surviving, in bed and well as out.

Quest: And you didn't have any more spontaneous sexcapades?

Manager: They make a nice fantasy, that's all.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A man walked into the Patent Office holding a bright shiny apple, and asked the man behind the counter if he could take out a patent on it.

'What's so special about an apple?' asked the official.

'Take a bite,' suggested the inventor. The patent officer did exactly that, and to his surprise discovered that the apple tasted of ripe strawberries.'

'Good Grief!' he exclaimed.

'That's nothing,' continued the inventor. 'Turn it around.' So the official did exactly that, and took a bite from another part of the fruit.

'And this side tastes of bananas!'

'Try again,' smiled the inventor, and the patent official bit again to find that a third part of the apple tasted of peaches.

'Hmm,' he said, 'that's very good, but if I wanted bananas, strawberries or peaches I could go out and buy them. What you should do is produce one that tastes of something you can't buy, something like a sweet young pussy.'

The inventor thought hard, and agreed, promising to return. As good as his word, three weeks later he beamed at the same official, and produced from his pocket another apple.

'I've done it,' he exclaimed. 'An apple that tastes of young pussy.'

'Really,' said the official, 'let's try it.' So saying he bit into it, and grimaced.

'That's disgusting,' he exploded. 'Why it tastes of, of, excreta . . .'

'Not that side – turn it round.'

Student: What's your opinion of my essay, sir?
Don: Absolute crap.
Student: Okay, but let's hear it anyway.

A young couple were making love in a graveyard when suddenly something caught the girl's eye.

'Hey look, John,' she said. 'This guy lived to be 185.'

'Really!' replied her boyfriend. 'What was his name?'

'Miles,' said the girl, 'from London.'

Two special Branch detectives were driving along Pembroke Road in Kensington, scene of the Stephen Waldorf shooting. One said to the other.

'Hmm, this street reminds me of an amazing thing that happened to me the other night.'

'Really?' replied his colleague.

'Yes. I was keeping this bar under surveillance. It had been a quiet night, when suddenly in came this most fantastic blonde; enormous boobs, beautiful dress sense, expensive jewellery, cultured voice – she was certainly no tart. She just smiled at me, and asked if I'd care to join her in a taxi. We got in, and the driver drove off. Without a word, she started to unzip me. Then she took out my old truncheon, lowered her luscious lips over it, and lapped at me with her tongue until I went rigid, and came in her mouth.'

'What was it all about?'

'I haven't the faintest idea. I decided that even the Chief Superintendent would accept that it was a case of shoot first and ask questions later.'

Three men went to heaven, and discovered at the Pearly Gates that they would be given cars, the size of which depended on how often they had succumbed to sexual temptation. The most chaste receives a Rolls Royce, the second a Rover, and the randy young man a Mini. The next day, all three went for a drive, and then met up in the evening for a drink. However when the Mini driver arrived, he looked deeply shocked.

'What's up?' asked his friends. 'Have you seen a ghost?' and roared with mirth.

'No, I've seen our Vicar,' he replied breathlessly, 'and he was riding a bike!'

At a lingerie and sex aid party, the salesman had already had a successful morning, the ladies lapping up his range of naughty underwear. So he was quite confident when he opened his case full of sexual stimulators.

'Now, ladies, what can I interest you in?' he asked.

'Ooooh, can I have that large bendy thing there?' said one lady pointing excitedly.

'Certainly, madam. One flexible vibro, that's £6,' replied the salesman taking the money.

'I'll have the yellow one with all the spikes,' called a housewife from the back.

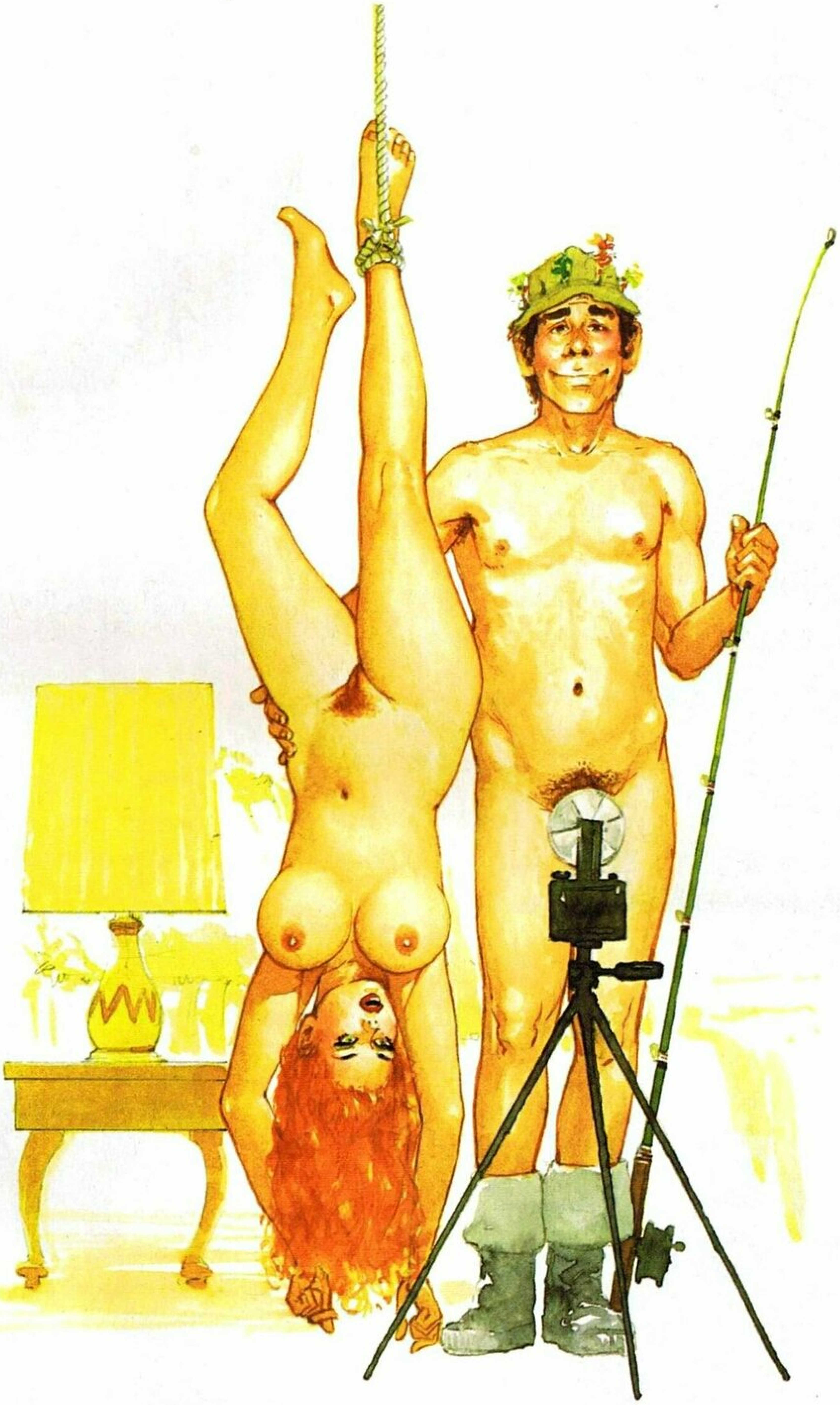
'Okay, madam. That's the vibro tickler, £8 please. Now who's next?'

'Urmm, can I have that big red one with the white top?' asked a rather shy lady, timidly pointing to her selection.

'I'm sorry, madam,' smiled the young salesman. 'That isn't for sale. It's my vacuum flask.'

An organist playing in York
Had a dong that could hold a small fork,
And between obligators
He'd munch at tomatoes,
Though he found that they tasted of pork.

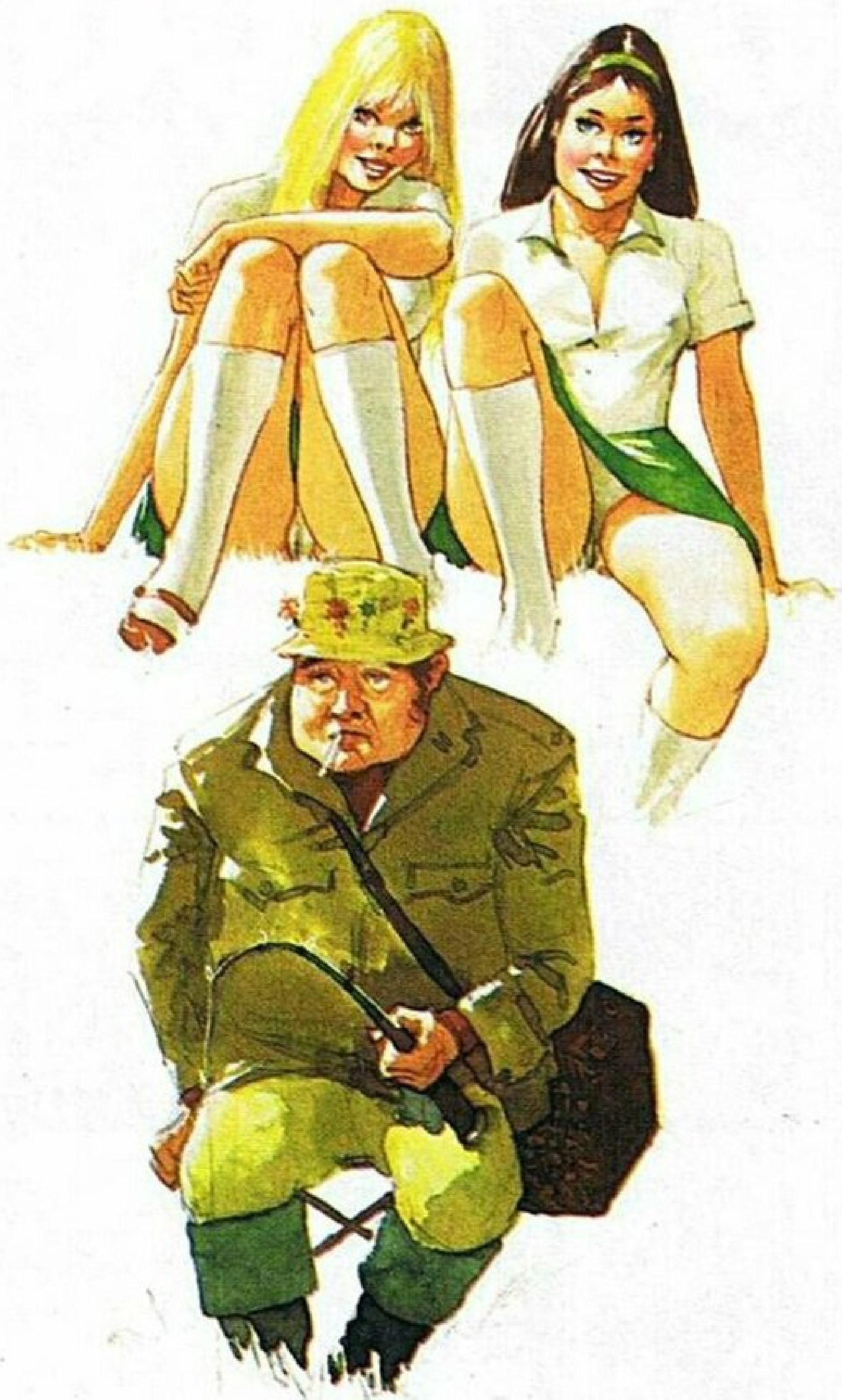
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final



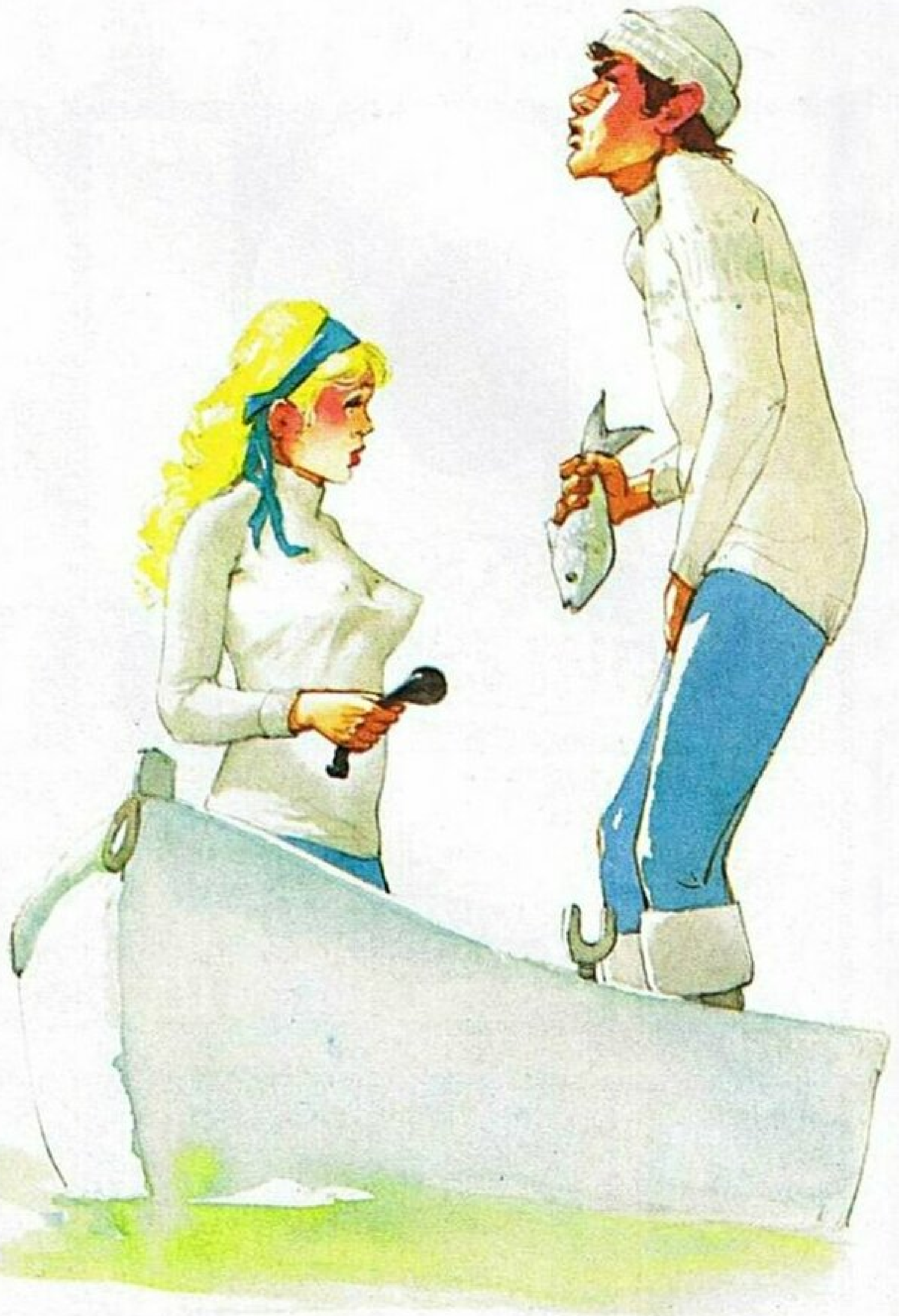
'I know anglers like to be photographed with their best catch, Simon, but this is ridiculous.'

Extremely Coarse Fishing

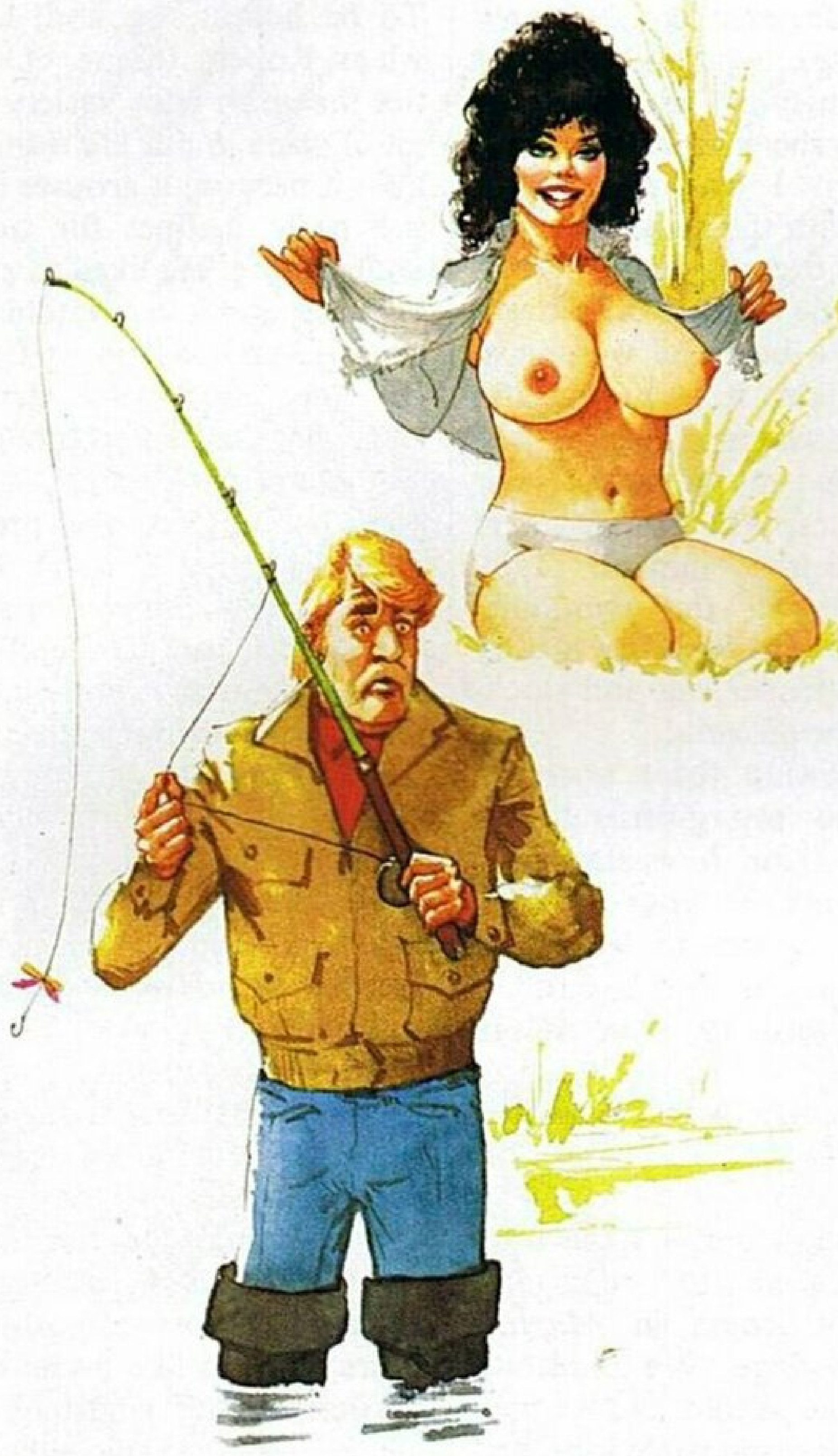
The fishing season starts shortly
and cartoonist Brian Forbes anticipates many
anglers are just waiting for a tickle



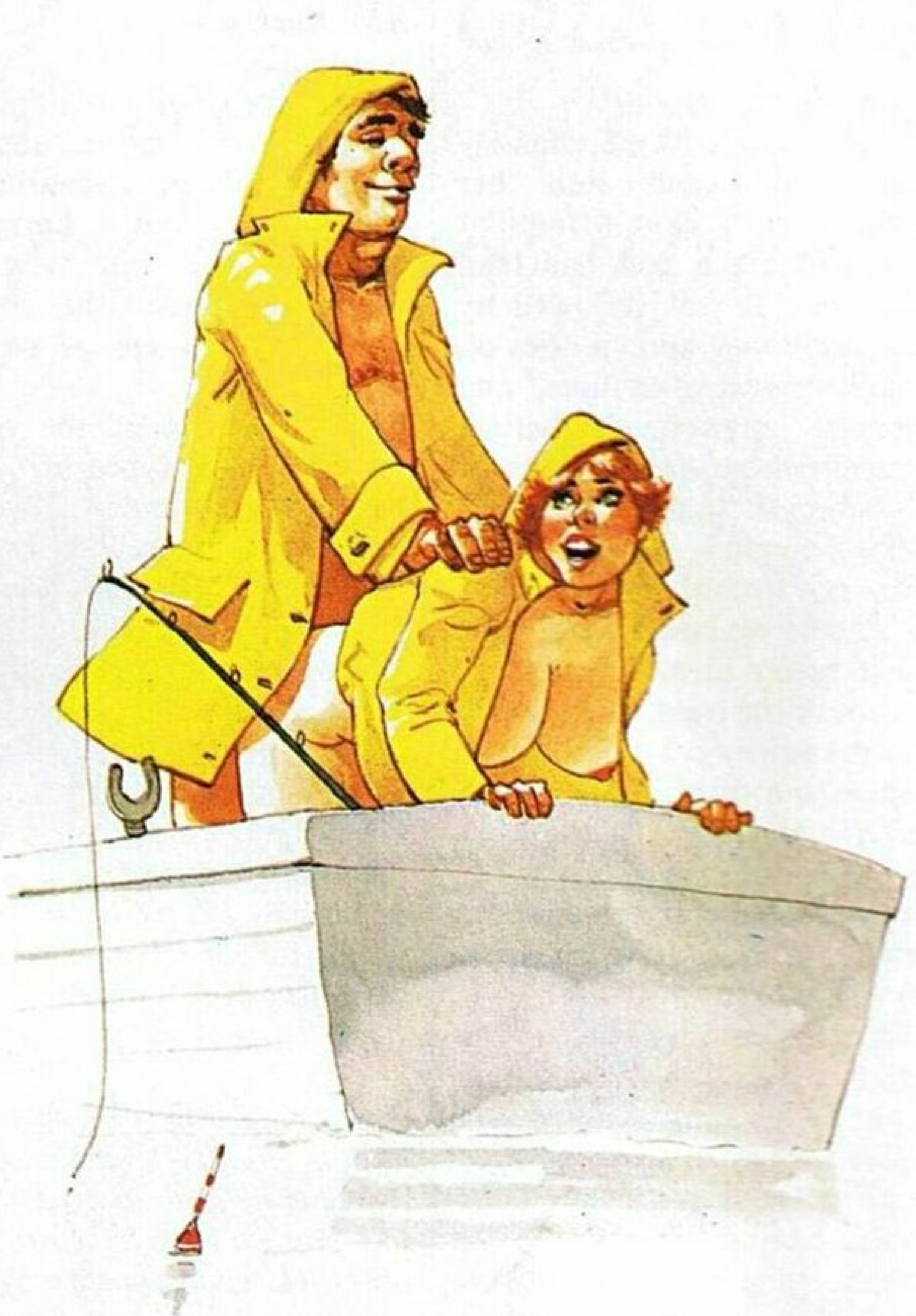
'It's no use, Jill, I'm told he's not interested in the small ones.'



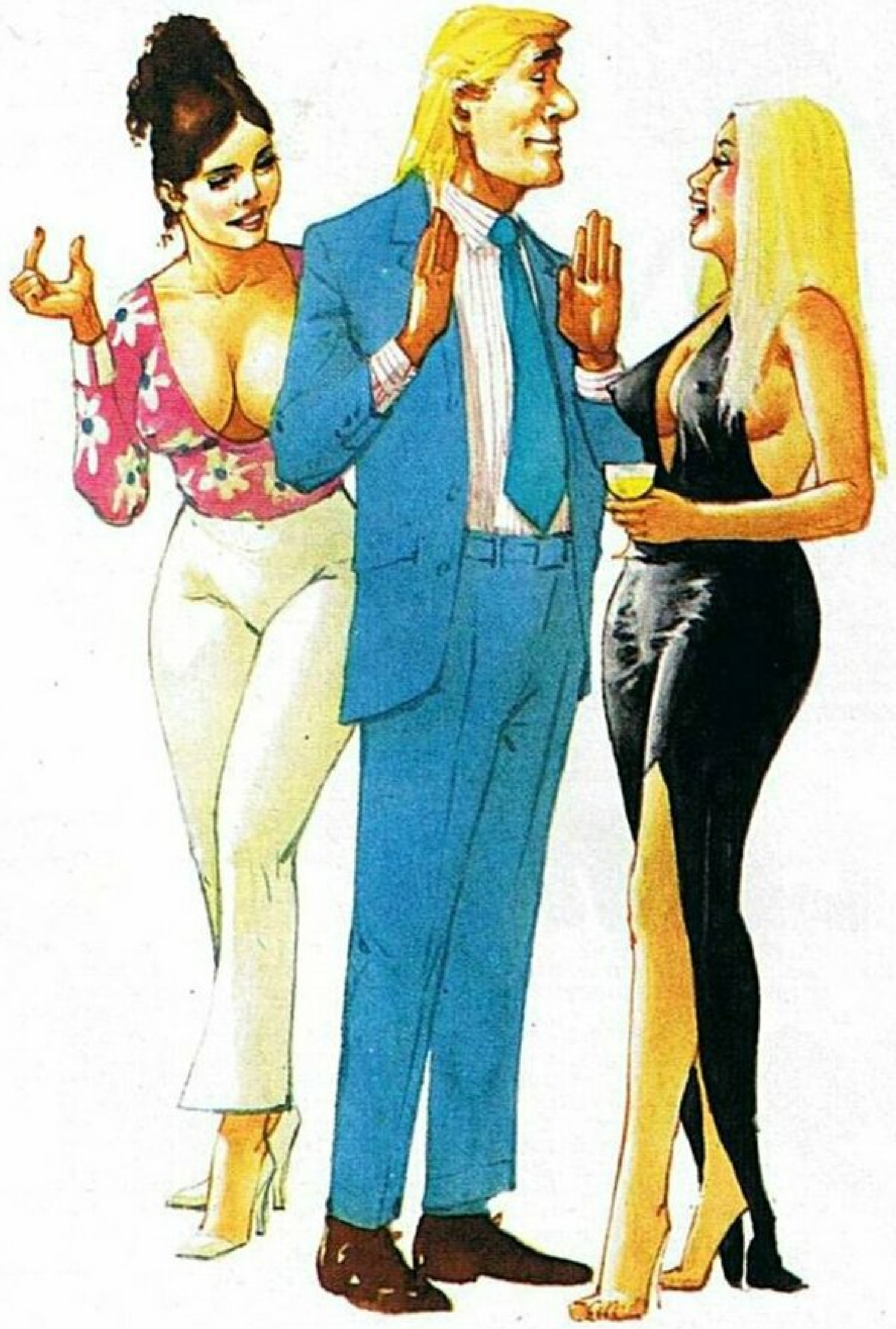
'Sorry, Charles, I missed,
but at least I've stopped something wriggling.'



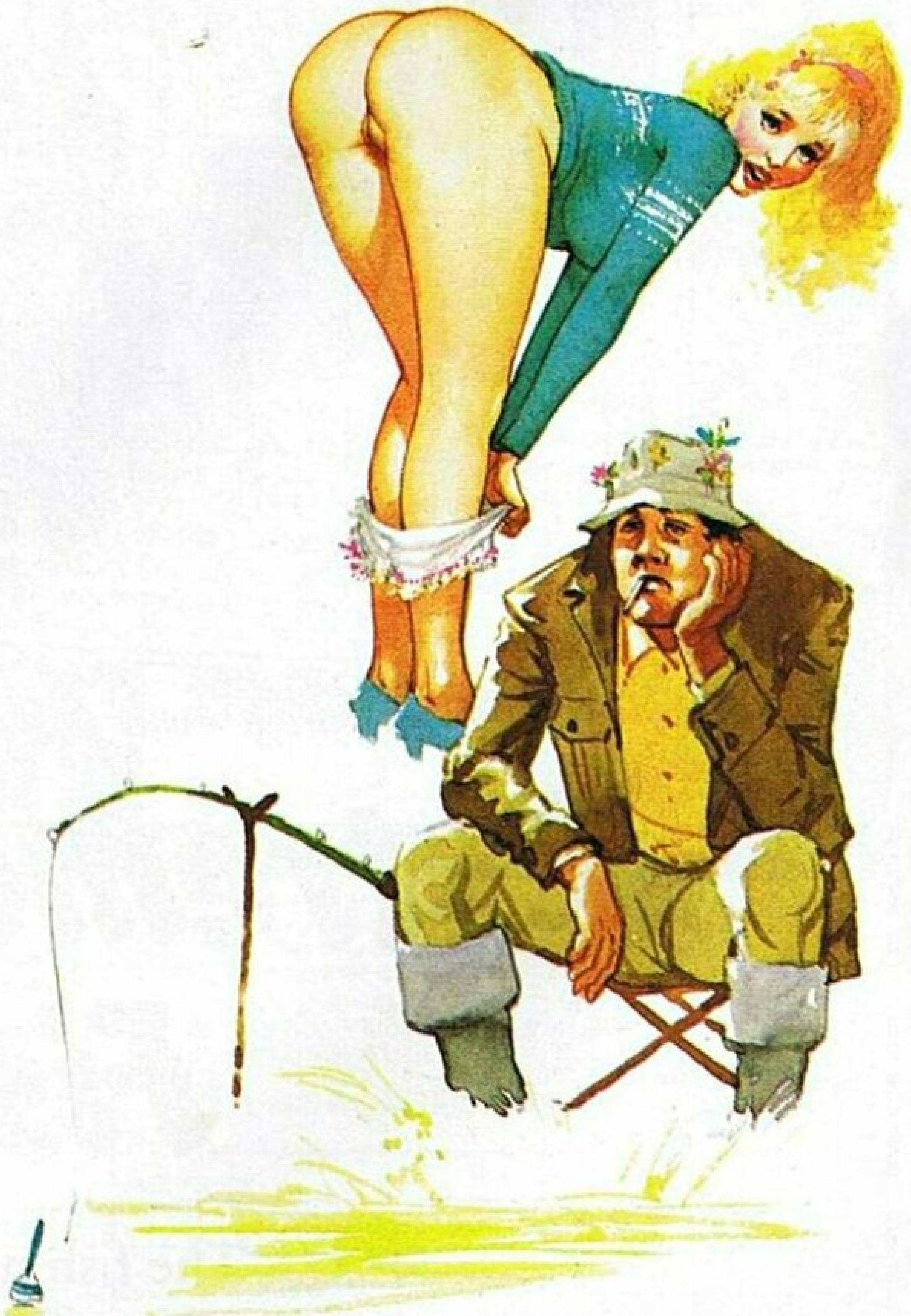
'How would you like to land a couple of real whoppers?'



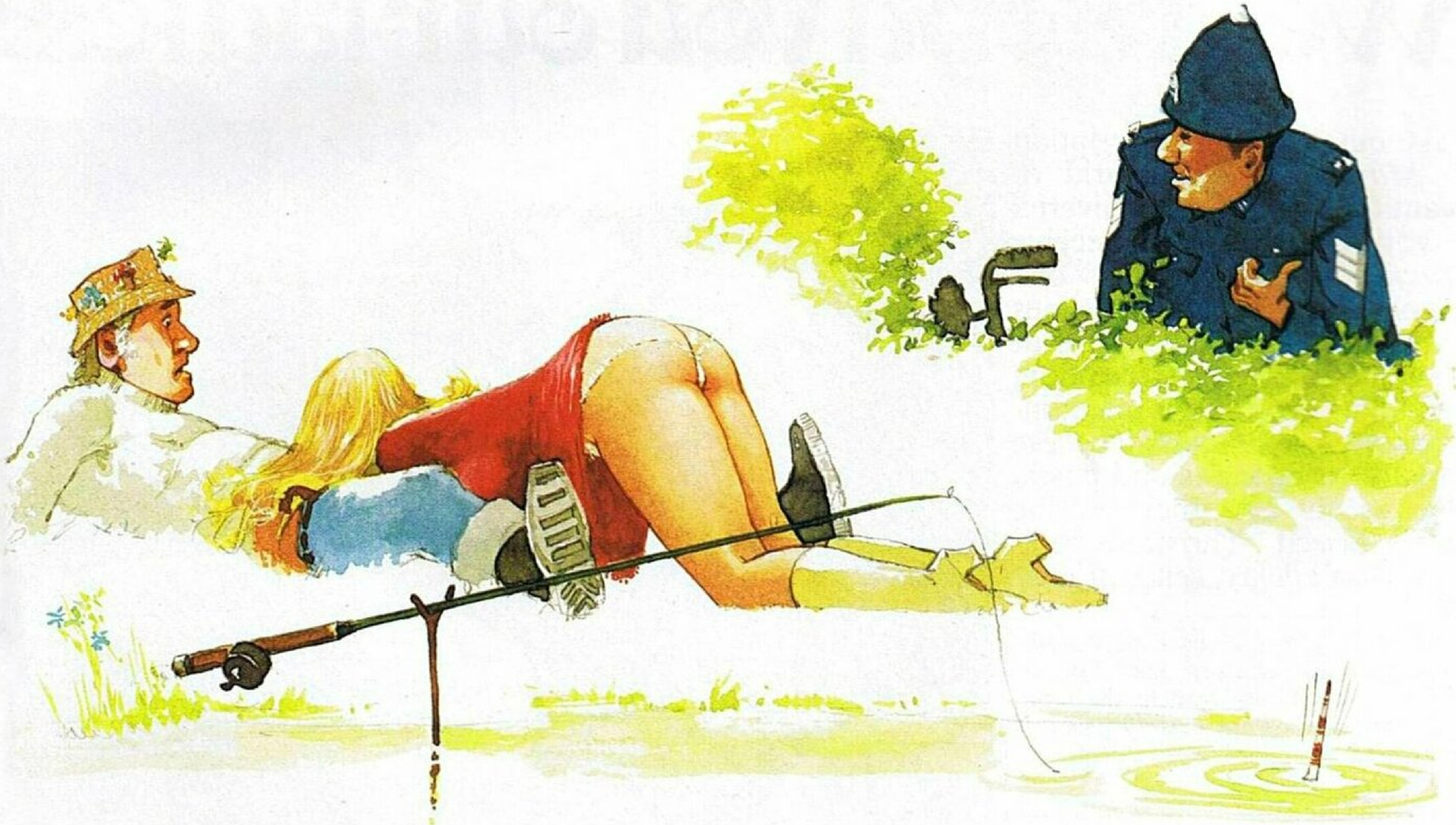
'I'm so glad you decided to put it in the rod-rest for a bit.'



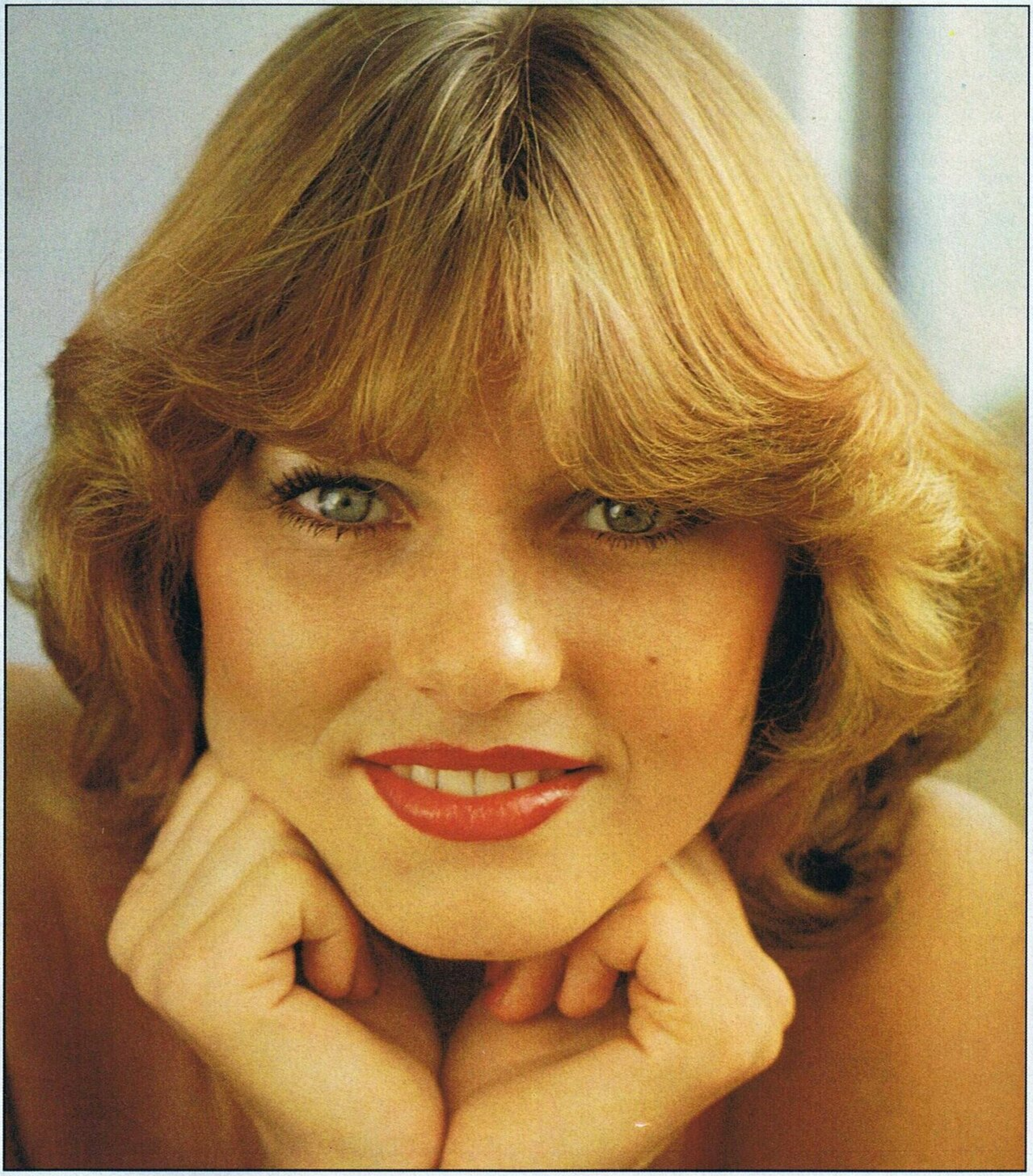
'You're right, Sandra, fishermen exaggerate about everything.'



'Why don't you give up,
Gerald, and try a bit of bottom-trawling?'



'I think you've got a nibble at the other end too, George.'

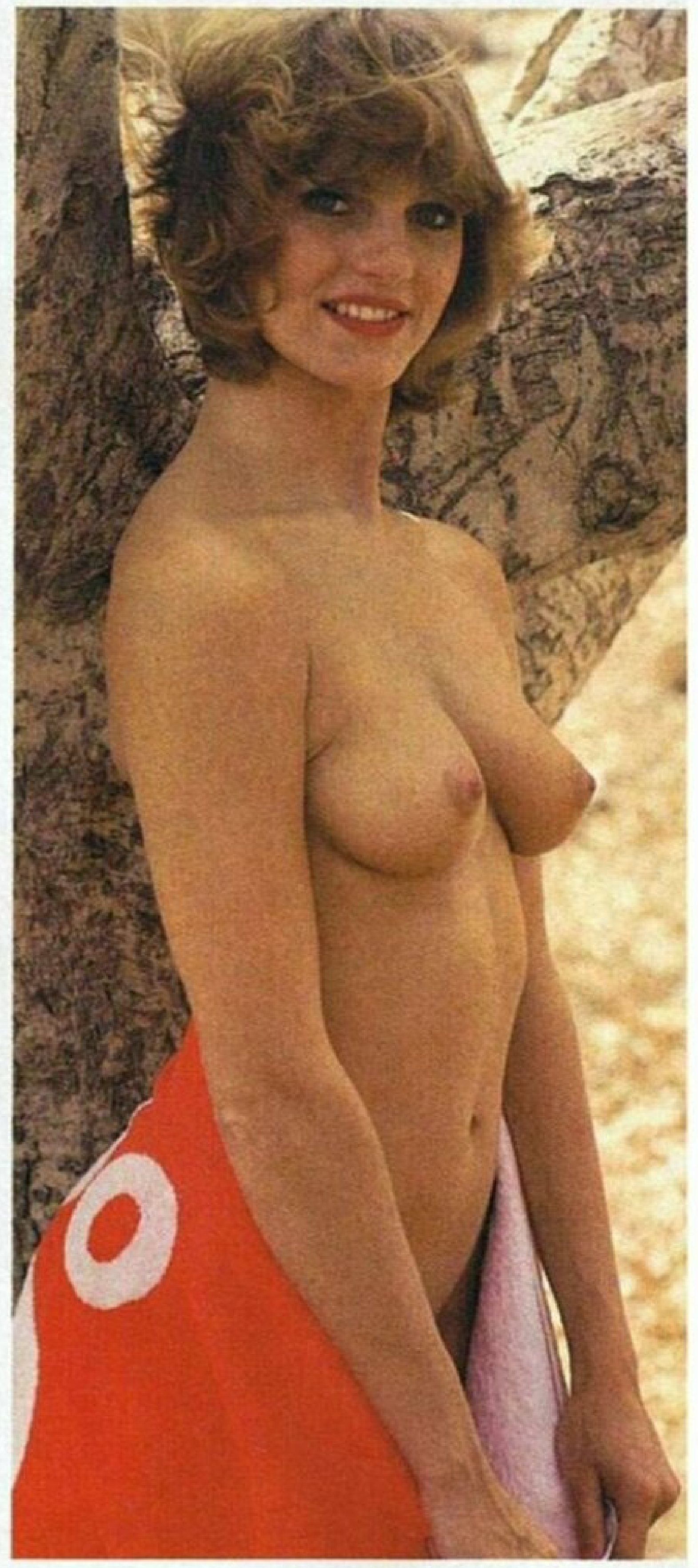


Mary

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

Attractive Mary Thornton may look like a demure young lady, but make any chauvinist comments about women drivers in her hearing, and you'll see the sparks fly. For Mary is a driving instructor in her home town of Plymouth, and she told us, 'If there is one thing which makes me lose my temper, it's comments about women drivers. A chap was chatting me up in my local one night, and when he found out what I did he kept winding me up. Eventually I just saw red and tipped the ice bucket over his head.' The chap was angry, but the landlord was one of Mary's former pupils, and asked him to leave. 'But I don't want to scare men off. Usually I am a very quiet person.' Mary, 23, is a motoring fanatic, and has been driving since she was eleven. 'Not on the roads. My brothers and I had an old banger in a field.'

Mary's figure measures in at a sexy 36-23-34, but she insists that her pupils keep their eyes on the road ahead – at least while they are driving. 'One of my boyfriends is a former pupil. He made me promise that if he passed first time I'd go for a drink with him. It seemed to work, but I hope every learner doesn't expect me to offer the same incentive. After all, he was rather dishy.' At the weekend Mary prefers walking to driving, and goes on long rambles through the local countryside. 'The fresh air cleans all that carbon monoxide from my system, and I feel ready to face the pupils again on Monday,



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LETTERS

continued from page 102

up. But best of all is when I'm spread-eagled over our double bed. With my arms outstretched, my breasts are so available, and with my legs wide open, I really feel marvellously vulnerable. Robert always spends a long time, tickling, caressing, kissing and licking me. I am never gagged, because we don't think it is very safe, but sometimes he blindfolds me. I love that because then I do not know where the next caress or tickle is coming from, and the anticipation is so great my skin becomes much more sensitive and responsive. He is very clever at knowing exactly how long to pause between each movement to keep me at the peak of arousal. He can kindle such flames of passion in me that when my final climax overwhelms me, I am just a helpless, satisfied jelly.

But I love him so much he can very nearly do all this without the ropes, but I do prefer it when we do play our game.

Paula, Bristol

Your *Quest* investigation on rekindling old flames (Vol 19 No 4) reminds me of an amusing and sexy encounter I had last summer with an old girlfriend. June (name changed) and I had gone out together for a couple of years in our late teens, and had enjoyed a very active sex life – whenever our parents were out. In fact one of the most exciting facets of our relationship was trying to find unusual and novel places for a quickie. We soon tired of the usual park, back of my car and so on, and even managed it in a telephone box, as well as one memorable occasion when she straddled me on the back seat of a bus. June and I had lost touch when I joined the navy, although when I came home on leave my mum used to tell me any gossip.

Then last summer I went home, and my mum said June was divorced and working in the local unisex jeans shop. I hadn't seen her for seven years so I thought it might be fun to go along, and surprise her by pretending to be a customer. I wasn't even sure if she would recognise me after all that time. I chose the Monday morning to pop into the shop because I knew that she wouldn't be too busy. June recognised me at once, and threw her arms around my neck, kissing me quite passionately considering we hadn't laid eyes on each other for so long.

It was soon obvious from her conversation that she was just as randy as ever because as soon as the usual chit-chat was out of the way she began asking me about my experiences abroad. The talk drifted back to the old days and the different places we'd made love. We were laughing about the risks we used to take when a familiar twinkle came into June's eyes. 'I know,' she said, 'why don't you go into one of the cubicles, and try on a pair of jeans.' I protested that I didn't want to buy a pair of jeans, but she insisted, and then offered to come and help me pull them up.

I suddenly realised what she was getting at, and in two seconds flat I'd grabbed the nearest pair of jeans, and was in the cubicle. June slipped in beside me, and pulled the curtain to. Luckily there were no other customers in the shop at the time.

It was a tight squeeze in there, but soon I had my hands up and under June's T-shirt, and inside her bra. Her breasts were as firm and pert as they'd ever been, and it brought back many happy memories as I rolled her hard stubby nipples between my fingers and thumbs. I knew that her boobs were very sensitive, and it did the trick. She began to pant, and I felt her hand slide up my thigh to my crotch where I felt so hard I expected my fly zip to give up the struggle any moment. Luckily June helped ease the pressure by unzipping me, and taking me out of my trousers. I stood there with them round my ankles while June quickly slipped off her jeans and pants. Her figure was just as firm as it had been in the old days, and as I slipped my hands under her pert bum and lifted her, I could see she was already wet and open to me.

June wrapped her legs round my waist as we rocked backwards and forwards banging the walls of the small cubicle. It didn't take me long to build up to my climax, and when I did it sent June over the top as well. I gently lowered her to her feet, and we just stood there panting.

Then June quickly pulled on her jeans, checked herself in the mirror, smiled at me and said, 'How about that for a novel

turn to page 112

LETTERS

continued from page 10

part of the afternoon, namely sliding my hand into her knickers, did I hear a familiar thud, and see a golf ball land beside me. It was followed by the equally well-known cries of, 'I think it went over there,' and footsteps in our direction. Naturally there was some panic by Monica (name changed) pulling up her clothing, and trying not to look flustered. We hid as best we could, but then I had a better idea. I threw the ball out of the trees, back nearly onto the fairway. I didn't like to imagine the face of the novice golfer, as his ball, after disappearing briefly, reappeared bouncing towards the fairway. It must have been the lucky shot of the year.

In fact, as we went back to the clubhouse, we heard the young player boasting about a 'brilliant bounce-shot' he had executed, with his incredulous cronies buying him drinks. We weren't going to put him right, that didn't seem fair, but if others discovered our romantic hide-away, we did wonder how many other 'brilliant bounce-shots' that hole would bring.

AM, Surrey

No man reading this letter could have failed to notice one lady who has been appearing on television. I don't know the lady's name but she has probably made the biggest impression on me of any girl I've ever seen.

I'm talking about the blonde who has been appearing on the *Daily Mirror* bingo advertisements. Her lovely long legs and heartbreaking smile drive me wild every time the ad comes on, and that's practically every other commercial break. I don't think I have wanted a girl so much in all of my 52 years.

I'm begging you to find out who the young lady is, and if she can appear in *Mayfair*. I'm sure I speak for every man who has seen the advertisement.

RJH, Tottenham

The young lady is Debbie Pollington. Sadly Debbie is too shy to appear in our magazine, but like you we look forward to her other television appearances.

Living in the US, it is sometimes hard to get *Mayfair*, but it is always a treat to find one. The shots of Sharne Rawlings in Vol 19 No 3 are excellent. Not only is she attractive but the sheer white lingerie and seamed stockings she was wearing were very sexy. I was particularly pleased with the shots of her in the tub, dressed like that. If there is one thing more attractive than a beautiful woman in sexy lingerie, it is a beautiful woman in sexy wet lingerie.

It reminded me of one of your back issues, Vol 15 No 6, in which Susie jumped fully clothed in to the swimming pool, and was wearing a sexy black suspender belt and stockings. A fine pictorial.

After showing these shots of Sharne to my girlfriend, she commented on how sexy they were. Thanks to your pictures, she has agreed to a similar performance in her bathtub. I look forward to your future issues.

Mark Toomey, North Carolina, USA

My husband and I have been very pleased to read the occasional letters in *Mayfair* about bondage. We think we are sensible people, and we both hold down responsible jobs, and letters like that help us not to feel like freaks for enjoying it. To be honest, we both love it when Robert (name changed) ties me up. It adds variety and a bit of spice to our life. I think he likes it because it arouses in him the basic instinct for hunting and capture. He likes to see me helpless, and loves watching me struggle and squirm as I try to get free. He is very clever at tying me securely enough to stop me moving much, but also puts padding at the pressure points so that I don't bruise myself. We prefer rope and bandages to handcuffs or chains, though cling-film has recently proved very effective.

I like being bound because I love the idea of being at someone else's mercy. There is a little element of fear in it too, because Robert never lets me know what he is going to do. As soon as I'm tied, I start writhing, because I know he likes to watch me wriggle, and because I revel in the feeling of actual physical restriction and tight binding. He ties me all sorts of ways in all sorts of places, to a post supporting the stairs, trussed like a chicken to a kitchen chair whilst he feeds me, or over the table either way

turn to page 110

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LETTERS

continued from page 110

location. That's another one we've notched up.' Then she walked out into the shop, and just in time, too, as a customer walked in at that moment.

Now, whenever I visit my parents I always make sure I go in, and try on a pair of jeans.

C B, Portsmouth

My husband has often brought your magazine home, and I usually glance through it too – especially the letters. I'm fairly inhibited, but some of your letters are interesting and, I admit, a bit of a turn on. I am writing because many other wives read *Mayfair*, and I want to tell them how my love-life and my whole marriage has been transformed.

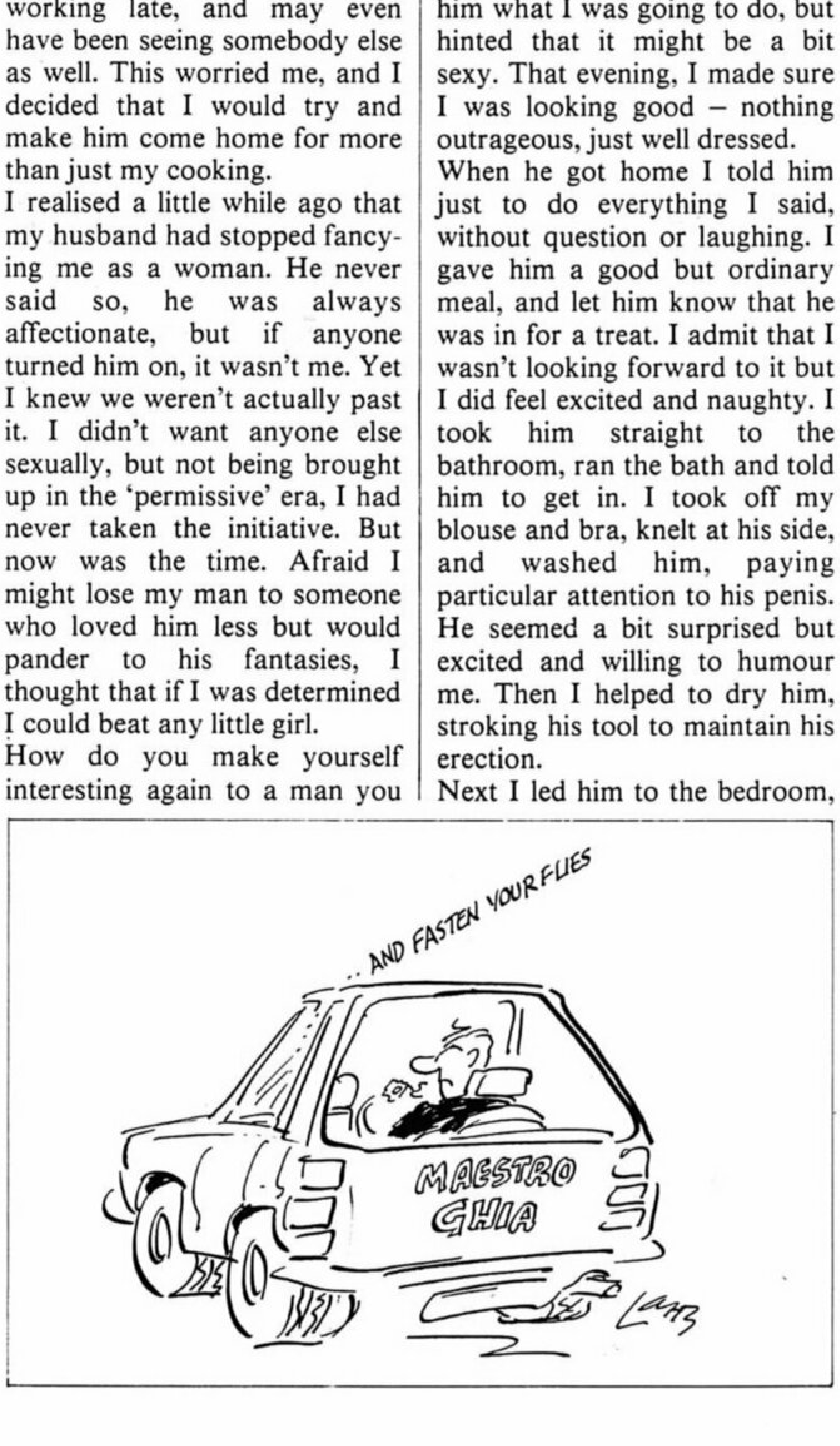
I am in my late thirties with a part-time job as a librarian. My husband has a good job too, and we have a nice home. He used to go out a lot in the evenings drinking in the pub or working late, and may even have been seeing somebody else as well. This worried me, and I decided that I would try and make him come home for more than just my cooking.

I realised a little while ago that my husband had stopped fancying me as a woman. He never said so, he was always affectionate, but if anyone turned him on, it wasn't me. Yet I knew we weren't actually past it. I didn't want anyone else sexually, but not being brought up in the 'permissive' era, I had never taken the initiative. But now was the time. Afraid I might lose my man to someone who loved him less but would pander to his fantasies, I thought that if I was determined I could beat any little girl.

How do you make yourself interesting again to a man you have been married to for 18 years? Whips and black leather don't turn him on, and I'd look just as daft in a schoolgirl outfit as he would (with bald head and beer belly) as Tarzan. I had never been down on him. He had been down on me before (I don't know who taught him that. I'd never asked him to) to help me get a climax, a tongue in the right place usually being a necessity. He only started using his tongue a few years ago, and I used to worry it wasn't nice for him even when I was enjoying it. Once or twice he had had his penis near my face, but I never fancied the idea of taking it in my mouth. I know lots of young girls seem to do it, but I am a bit fastidious. However the thought that some young chick might be doing it for him changed my mind.

So I decided to give it a try. I wanted him clean and sober with no reason to go out. So I picked a day when his friends were away, and asked him to be home early as I'd be giving him something special. I didn't tell him what I was going to do, but hinted that it might be a bit sexy. That evening, I made sure I was looking good – nothing outrageous, just well dressed.

When he got home I told him just to do everything I said, without question or laughing. I gave him a good but ordinary meal, and let him know that he was in for a treat. I admit that I wasn't looking forward to it but I did feel excited and naughty. I took him straight to the bathroom, ran the bath and told him to get in. I took off my blouse and bra, knelt at his side, and washed him, paying particular attention to his penis. He seemed a bit surprised but excited and willing to humour me. Then I helped to dry him, stroking his tool to maintain his erection.



Next I led him to the bedroom, and lay him down. He watched with amazement as I pulled his legs apart, and rested my head on his thigh. His penis rose vertically in front of my face. I gently pulled it down to my mouth, and was surprised how big it felt in there. I discovered that I could hold the bulbous end in my mouth, my lips just under the ridge. He seemed delighted so I experimented with a gentle suck, moving my tongue to and fro, and stroking his shaft with my hand. He sat forward, and stroked my breasts, then he settled back making little moans and groans. The end came very suddenly, and it was the part I'd been most afraid of. I just held onto him with my lips and squeezed him until he had finished. Then I let it dribble from my lips, surprised that it hadn't been as bad as I thought.

'That was excellent,' he said, and I told him that was just the beginning. We watched a bit of television, and relaxed. My husband obviously wasn't sure whether he could perform or not, but I told him to carry on as normal, and I would make certain he was alright. We kissed and fondled, and he gradually moved his hand between my legs. That certainly got me going, and I reached down to hold his penis. It grew a bit, but not hard enough, so thinking I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, I twisted around so that I could take him in my mouth again. Soon he was firm, and he was licking me into even greater excitement. We made love, gently and beautifully, keeping me excited with a finger at the same time. I had a fantastic climax, which was unusual, and so did he.

The real rewards of my discovering oral sex came after. It boosted his confidence and mine, he is home much more often than before and seems to want to be at home more – even wanting me to accompany him when he goes out. He always makes certain I climax before him, and I use oral sex now as a natural part of my lovemaking. Occasionally he gets the full treatment like last time, and I don't spit it out anymore! Besides, I'm told it is good for the skin. It has taken 20 years, but now I have discovered that there is no better way of showing you love every bit of your man.

(Name and address withheld)

In Vol 19 No 3 you asked if we thought Jeanette was worth a million dollars. You must be joking – more like two million, what a gorgeous girl. She has the bottom that skintight jeans were made for (panty-less of course), and on page 15 she shows us what I call her 'mini-skirt' legs. I too have spotted her in a variety of magazines, where she often appeared as Melissa. She ranks alongside other beauties you've featured such as Sian Adey Jones and Corinne Russell.

PS, Lancaster

About two years ago I wrote to you concerning my love of slapstick, and was amazed by the number of letters I received in reply (kindly forwarded by *Mayfair*). People wrote to me the messiest suggestions for me from literally as far afield as Edinburgh and the Isle of Wight. The reason I am writing again is to say thank you to you all, and hope that you will wish me luck in my new career. You see, I have decided to try, and make it big in America, on cable television to be precise, where young lady presenters (especially English ones) can do quite well. If Angela Rippon can do it, I'm sure I can.

My idea is to try and become the smart English lady who usually ends with a pie in the face or a bucket of baked beans over her head. I'm not saying it is original, but it works, I think, so like I say, wish me luck.

In the last two years, I have often wanted to sit down, and write my autiobiography for *Mayfair* readers, but just haven't had time. Those of you who remember my last letter in Vol 17 No 5, may recall that I was working for a small theatre company, regularly appearing as a slapstick stooge, and how much the feeling of the goo running down my cleavage got me going. Since then, many of your letters have outlined what you would like to do to me, and I must admit that the ideas really excited me. Many of you were keen to join in the lovely messy business too, with custard poured down your trousers, or pies splattered in your chests and bottoms. What many of you wanted me to do after filling your underpants with sloppy dessert, was lick you clean again like a large lollypop. Well I don't know about that! Custard isn't for eating it's for throwing.

By way of thanks to you all for

turn to page 114

LETTERS

continued from page 112

certainly livening up the last two years, I thought I'd tell you about one of my last 'professional' slapstick escapades. I was a nurse, the sister of the children's ward which we were playing to. And like many of my roles, I had to be prim and proper, and tell the other boys off for messing around. I knew full well that they would get their messy revenge of course, and thinking about it, sent shivers through me. I was dressed very neatly in navy blue uniform with starched collar and cuffs, plus a stiff white apron. I also wore the traditional black stockings and suspenders, and formal black shoes. My hair was done in a very smart bun, and I was very neatly made-up.

Fortunately the show was outdoors, because it involved a lot of mess indeed, and needless to say it was I who got it all. The cue was for me to complain about the noise to one of the lads in the group who responded with a bucket of ice-cold water thrown over me. With a splash, the navy blue uniform was clinging to me all over, and I was beginning to get that cold feeling around my boobs I loved. Before I had a chance to revel in it, a hose was being turned at me, and I was standing trying to look prudish as the dress was plastered over me, I could even feel my nipples popping up through the drenched fabric.

Still spraying me from my stockinged legs to my face with the hose, the other two men pushed me into a chair, and held me down. I knew this wasn't necessary, because I was loving every minute, but one has to make the pretence. By way of revenge, the ring-leader said he was going to subject me to a barrage of hospital food. And he was as true as his word. My hair, which had already escaped from its neat blonde bun, was being splattered with 'hospital breakfast' namely a handful of eggs, smashing on my head and running down my face. After a dozen or so, rivers of raw eggs were running down the front of the already wet uniform.

Next came lunch, as pea soup was poured over my head, running down my neck. Instinctively my face tilted upwards to meet another pan, this time tomato, that hit me right between the eyes. Unable to see, I felt the buttons of the uniform being undone at the neck. The boys knew I loved the next bit, and so did they. A bucket of baked beans was poured down the inside of the uniform, all over my boobs and down my tummy. Eager hands rubbed it into my skin, and I was starting to feel hot and excited under my clammy layer. Then came a very naughty bit when the sodden dress was lifted revealing my damp stockings and suspenders (a little bit of fun for the adults, there) and a tight pair of pink panties. The elastic was pulled out and plopped in was the contents of a large tin of spaghetti, and if they were feeling very rude, rubbed in. This would have me gasping as it tickled down my stockinged legs, then as I wriggled, there would be a splat, and more spaghetti would hit me in the bottom. Next I was sat down so that it squished into my bum.

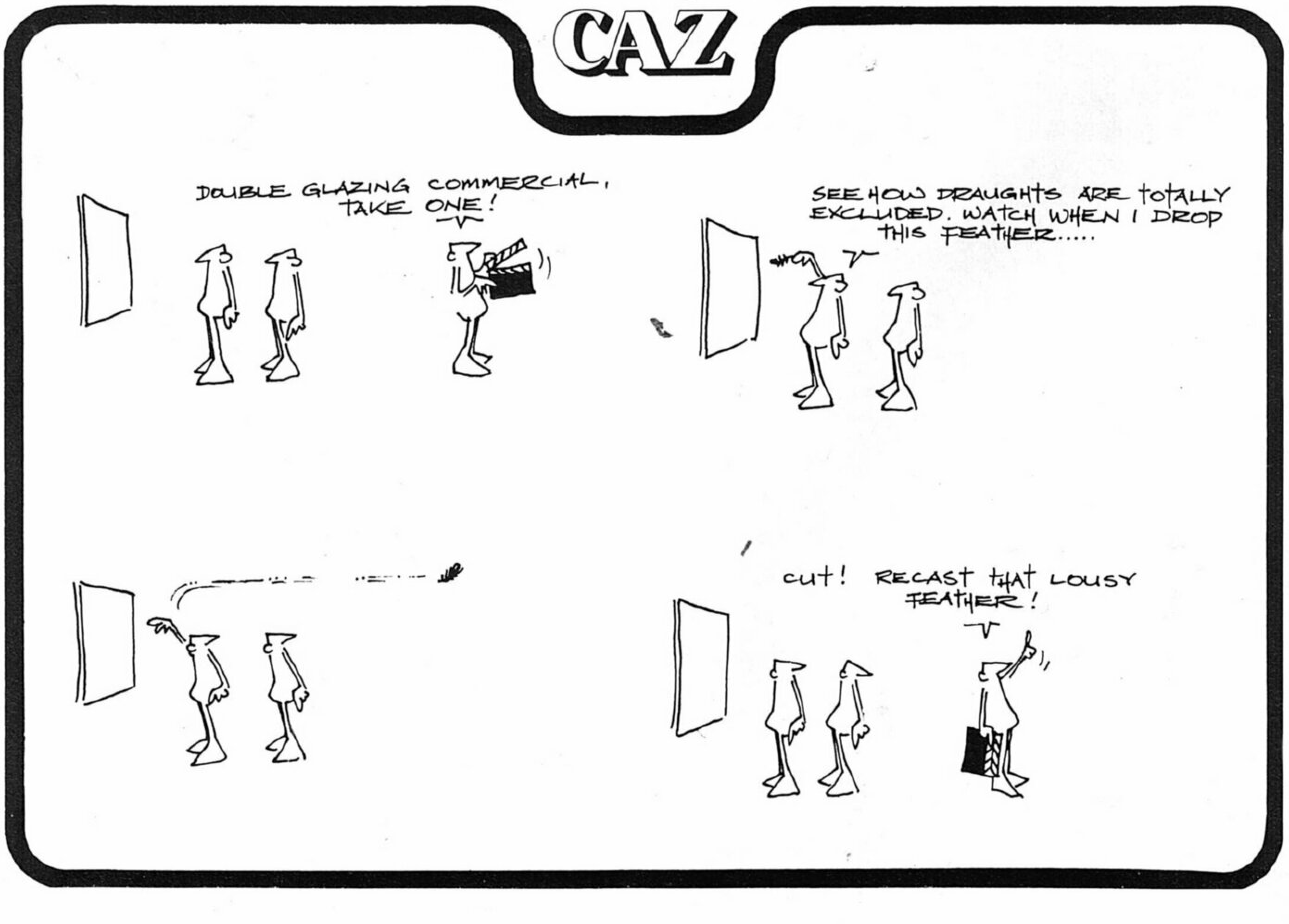
Then came the familiar barrage of pies, custard, Angel Delight and sticky jam, in the face and boobs, well rubbed in. A nice big chocolate gateau in the bum followed, and finally, I looked up to meet a huge treacle tart hit me full in the face, with a tin of syrup to top it off.

Wiping the sticky mess from my eyes, all I could see was laughing kids, and they will never know how excited I was feeling. Looking at myself in the changing room mirror, I couldn't resist running my hands down the slippery dress, and feeling my hair plastered against my head. Before I had a shower, I had to lock myself away for a few seconds. What I did there, I couldn't possibly tell you. Believe it or not, I'm quite shy really! But imagining it might give you all something to think about whilst I'm trying my best to become famous. Who knows, my custard-splattered face might be the first thing you see when cable comes to Britain.

Sheila, Gloucester

It's good to hear from you again, Sheila. Good luck in the States.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.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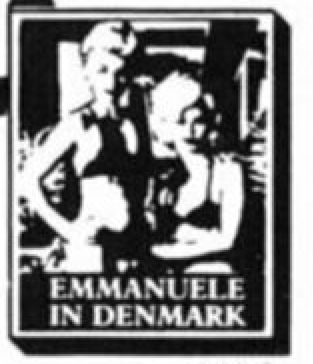

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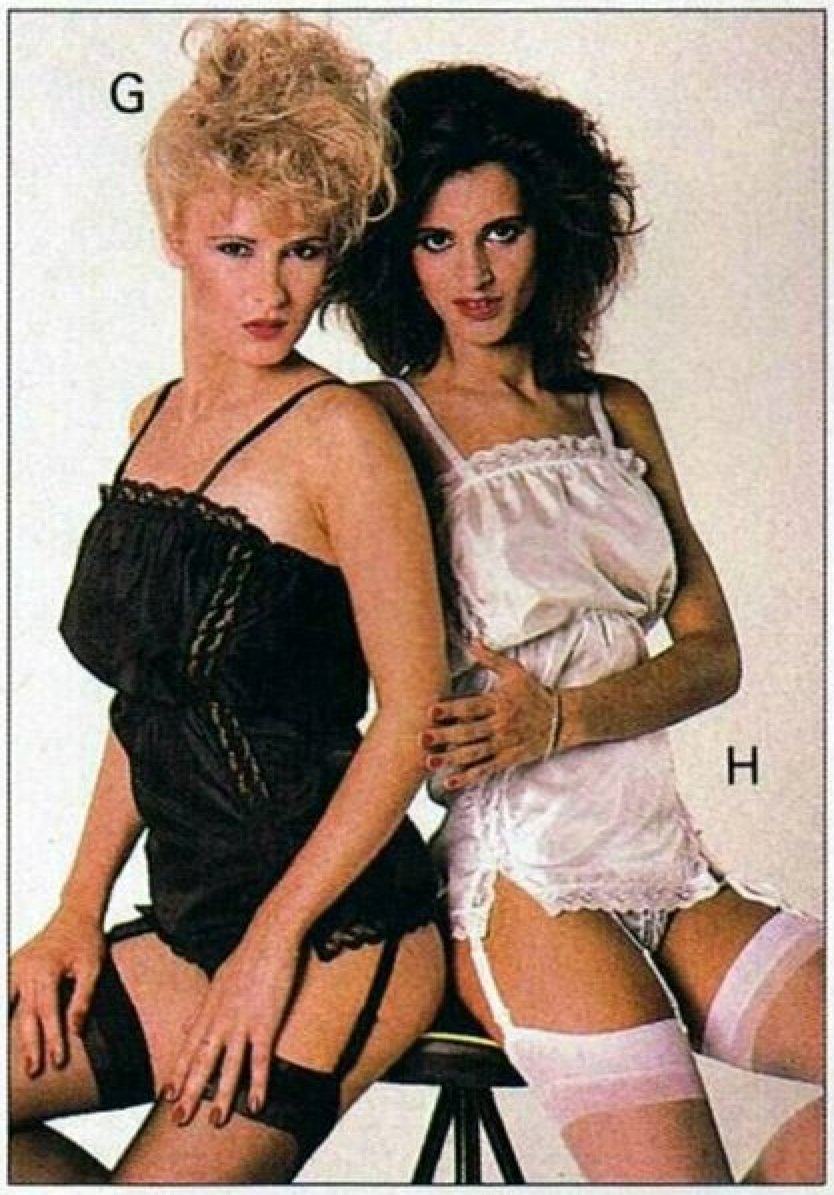

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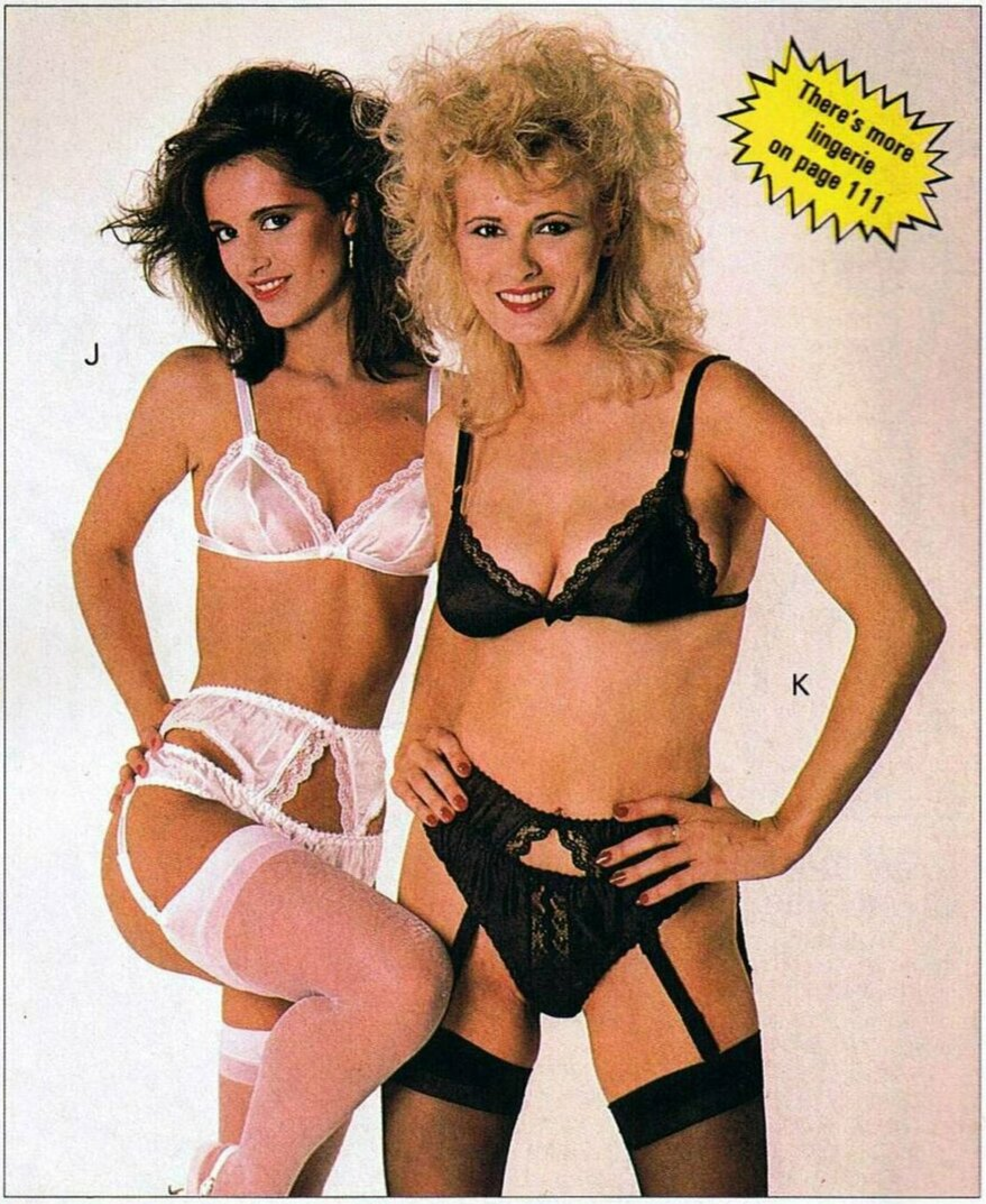
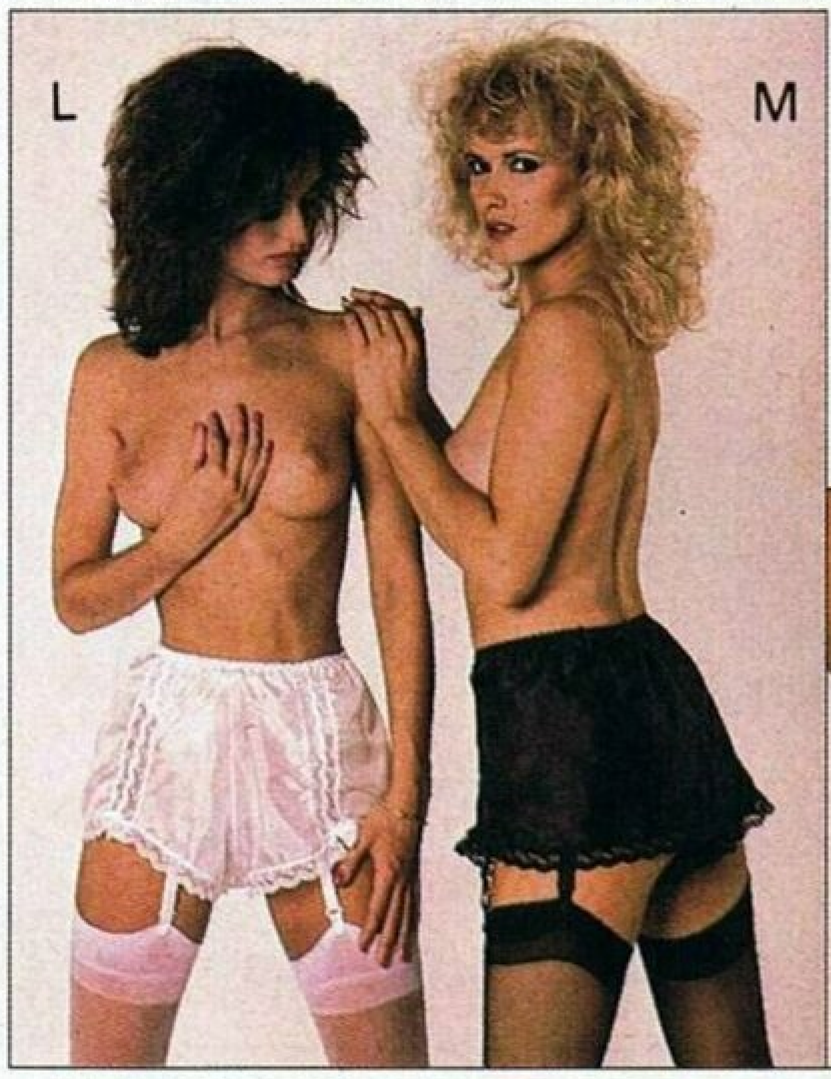
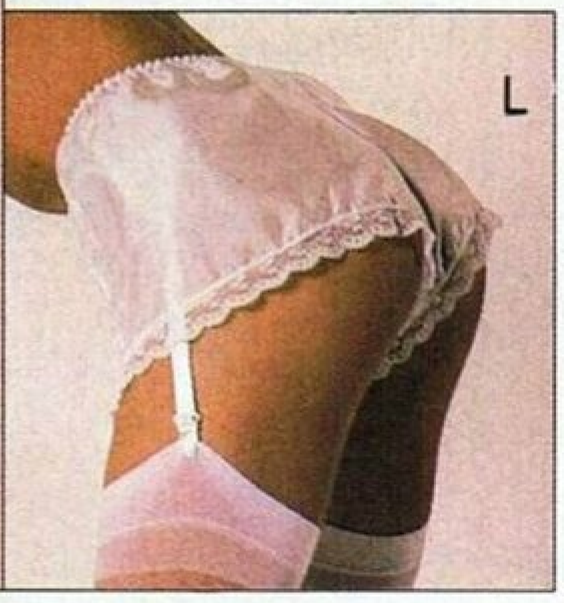


There's more lingerie on page 111





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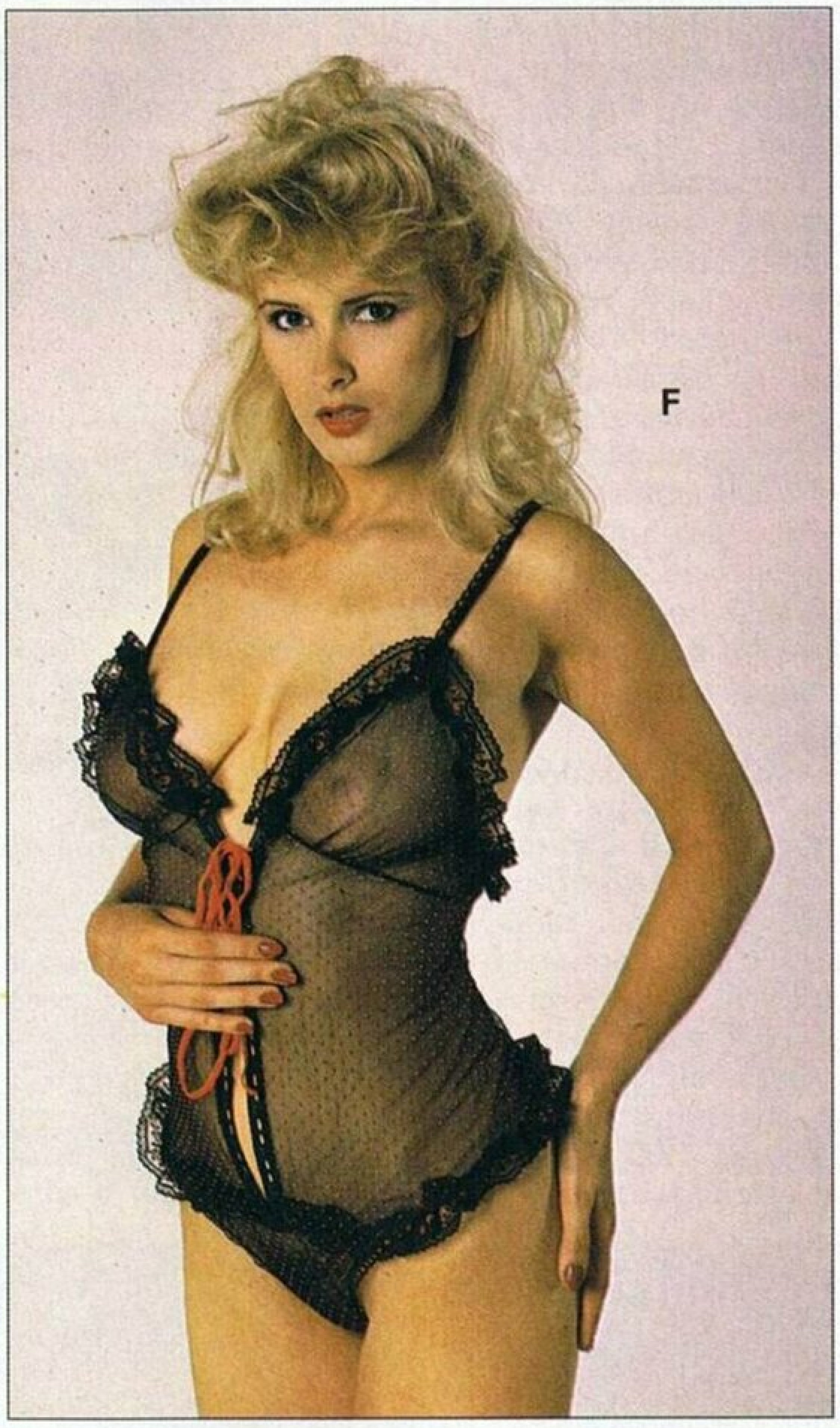

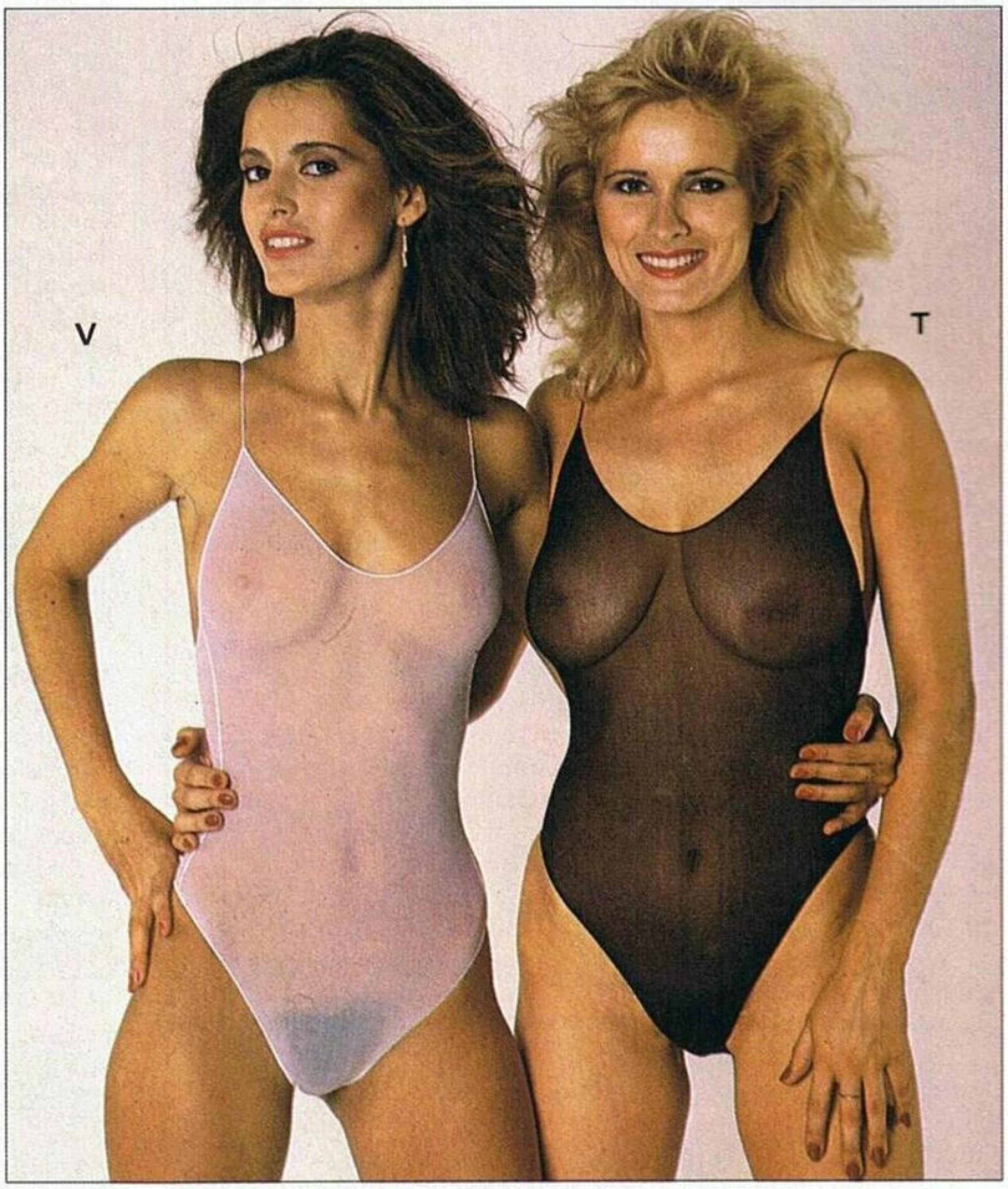

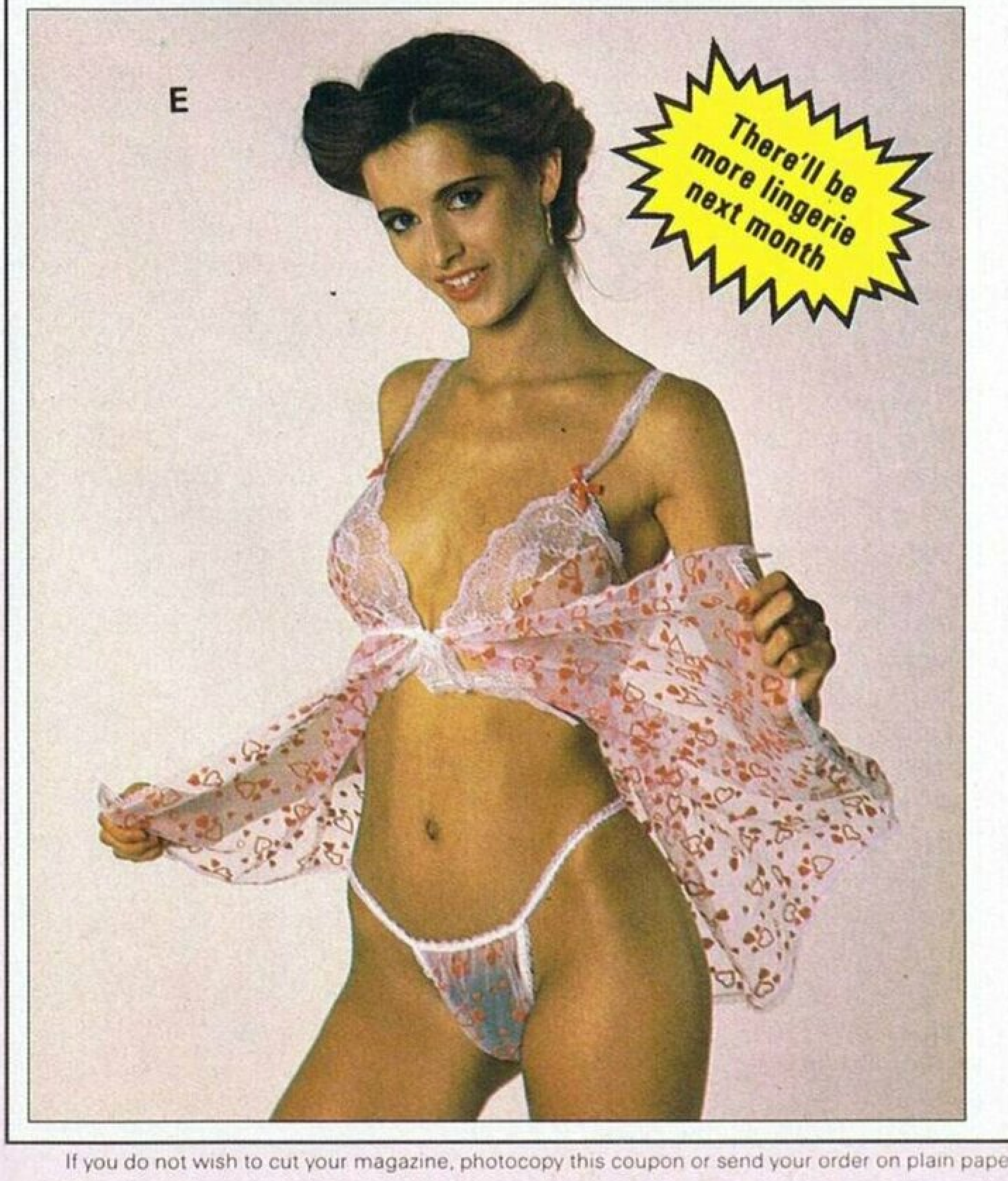

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